The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Published weekly and copyrighted, 1935, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXII | Friday, May 3, 1935 | NUMBER 1

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WHAT DOES "MEXICO" MEAN?

ACCORDING to Josephus Daniels, United States Ambassador to Mexico, when interviewed in New York on his arrival from his post—to which he will, he said, return in June—"Mexico" is certain to resent bitterly anything it considers a foreign interference in a purely domestic policy. The Ambassador denied that he intends to resign his office, declined to comment on the Borah resolution calling on the United States Senate to investigate conditions in Mexico, and said that the religious situation there "has reached a complete impasse." Further remarks by Ambassador Daniels were that the problem "is terribly difficult," and that the general attitude in Mexico is that this is essentially a domestic affair. "It is hard for us in the United States to understand the situation," he declared. "The [Mexican] government asserts that there have been no religious persecutions as such in Mexico. They explain that their action against the Church has been taken because the Church has tried to mix into politics and to oppose the reforms of the revolution. Church leaders, on the other hand, deny flatly that they are interested in politics, and say that government agnostics intend to crush all religion."

The Ambassador also told the press interviewers that the laws of the Mexican federal government have not been changed in fifteen years, but that several states have passed additional laws, the state of Tobasco decreeing the harshest laws. But he did not tell the American press that in the year 1929—six years ago—the Mexican federal government entered into a formal agreement with the Mexican Catholic bishops, mitigating the federal laws in regard to religion, which agreement was instantly and continuously violated by that government. Perhaps, however, he does not know this fact. His knowledge of Mexican affairs is incomplete, to say the least.

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Nevertheless, it seems to suffice the United States Ambassador, and to justify him in using his official position to boom and boast the extensive and highly expensive propaganda of the Mexican government by means of which it is bolstering up its anti-religious and bolshevistic régime by the profits derived from the American tourist traffic. Speaking on a radio program under the auspices of the Mexican ministry of foreign affairs, on April 14—Palm Sunday—Ambassador Daniels enthusiastically urged his fellow Rotarians of the United States to flock to Mexico for the international Rotarian gathering there in June. He assured them that the President of Mexico himself "will be the host at a brilliant reception and ball at the new and commodious Foreign Club." According to Carleton Beals, in a recent issue of the *Nation,* the Foreign Club is a swell gambling joint from which various members of the Mexican government derive heavy revenues.

In his glowing praise of the beauty and romance of Mexico, Ambassador Daniels pointed out the Cathedral in Mexico City—which has been stolen from the Catholic Church, and is only allowed to be used for restricted religious purposes by a drastically limited number of priests, strictly regulated by the government for which the United States Ambassador has become a publicity agent. Further on in his address he becomes lyrical: "Visitors to Mexico will see pyramids rivalling those of Egypt; floating gardens reminiscent of Babylon; water-ways that recall Venice; churches as ancient as in Spain, and in a fine state of preservation; public buildings that date back to Cortes; etc., etc."

But the Ambassador did not mention the fact that the famous pyramids were built, like those of Egypt, by lash-driven slaves, and were annually drenched by the blood of countless victims sacrified to the idols of Mexico, before the Catholic Church rescued the Mexicans from their helpless and hopeless idolatry, and bestowed Christian civilization in its place. He did not inform his fellow Rotarians that thousands of "these churches as ancient as in Spain" have been despoiled, and defiled, and sometimes utterly desecrated, and their ministers murdered, martyred, exiled, robbed and driven into hiding, while the millions of hapless poor people who were formerly educated, and uplifted, by the Church are now the real Mexico, tyrannized over by the official "Mexico"—the clique of bolshevistic fanatics or hypocritical gangsters (the latter predominating), who constitute the "government" of "Mexico," with the help of an army maintained in power only by the aid and support given to it by the government of the United States.

What does "Mexico" mean to the people of the United States? Are they willing to recognize only the blood-stained clique of tyrants and grafters who seized power by arms, and maintain themselves by arms—or will they realize that the great majority of the people are the real Mexico, now ground down by a régime as antagonistic to American principles as is the bolshevistic dictatorship of Russia?

Week by Week

PERHAPS the outstanding event of the week was the debate about NRA, efforts to dispense with which are rife in industrial circles.

The Trend of Events

The testimony given by General Hugh S. Johnson was almost surprisingly good and interesting. Conceding that mistakes had been made and that too much had been undertaken, the former administrator held that the law should be simplified, strengthened and above all enforced. He upheld the necessity of collective bargaining and of a high-wage policy with marked directness and skill. Next a critique of the Blue Eagle emanated from the Brookings Institution, emphasis being laid on the alleged worthlessness of that symbol as a factor in industrial recovery. The authors of this document were inclined to think that the codes had retarded rather than aided the "natural forces" making for improvement in business and employment. Mr. Donald Richberg dissented strongly from the Brookings critique, alleging that it was a prematurely issued portion of a summary which would be found amicable to NRA as a whole. Finally it was pointed out, and to good effect, that labor troubles have been relatively far less serious during the Roosevelt administration than during similar past epochs of industrial depression. That some of this tranquillity is directly attributable to government action seems undeniable. On the whole, the commentary thus provided is of singular value to the student of social and political trends. It appears to us substantiative of the view that NRA may eventually, when stripped of non-essential features and fitted more perfectly to the American economic reality, seem the Roosevelt administration's most important contribution to the science of government.

THAT everybody needs a substantial upturn in the results of business activity is as plain as the ink on newsprint. Yet it is difficult for opposing groups to realize as much: business men refuse to admit that politicians are interested in more than some reform gimcrack about which they can make speeches; and government officials often act as if the industrialist were a species of Gradgrind clinging

How Shall the People Rule?

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blindly to his shekels and his power. If it could be taken for granted that all were headed toward the same goal, by necessity if not through choice, we should have taken a step toward the political and social millennium. Possibly one important hindrance is the American conception of what a political victory ought to be. When one party is in, the other is entirely out; and since both are large groups, with ramifications in every department of the national life, the defeated group can and does exert pressure to keep a given policy from succeeding, in the hope of regaining power through the votes of a discontented electorate. The "system" is not without its advantages. Under it the party worker is kept on his toes, and the light of publicity is constantly focussed on what might otherwise be hidden phases of government. But the eternal see-saw is a great handicap, too, especially during periods of distress. Britain, for example, has a far easier time coordinating the national machinery in order to get a certain task done. There is no doubt that attempts must be made to effect some viable compromise between the English method and our own.

Broken Promises

CAN a decent international future be erected on a foundation of broken promises? The past few years have seen governments break almost as many solemn pledges as they underwrote. Germany's decision to annul the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty simply brings to a climax general disregard for promises to curtail militaristic activity. Neither France nor Italy has trained a soldier less because of assurances given during 1919; and Great Britain—the sole power which has worked earnestly for world peace—has now bowed to the will of the majority of nations. The French repudiated the Mellon-Berenger agreements concerning debt payments to the United States, which country in turn repudiated the gold clause in its obligations. Germany has walked roughshod over contractual indebtedness, treating American investors to as cold a bath of discrimination as is recorded in the sorry history of international finance. Pledges given to the League of Nations, or in turn by it, have been disregarded with astonishing nonchalance. And finally when one thinks of what has happened to the Kellogg Pact, one's little remaining confidence in nations as parties to a bargain is dissipated. Perhaps the will to establish international law may some day triumph over all obstacles. At present it looks as if the powers jump from one temporary alliance to another, governed solely by a desire to pool interests wherever, and as long as, these interests exist. The grotesque fact that France is struggling to underwrite an agreement with Russia against Germany when the whole history of Christian civilization argues for exactly the opposite course is merely the last proof of how completely devotion to common standards in the western world has been undermined by the steady growth of materialism and political unsettlement. It is a sorry finale to so many hopes, but possibly there is some good in the circumstance that future reconstructive efforts must be based on a more solid foundation than that provided by the humanitarianism of yore.

Spring Art Note

A CURRENT exhibition at the Milch Galleries in New York, of sketches and studies by Leon Kroll, offers a fascinating revelation of how this artist, the greatest prize-winner among modern Americans and probably represented in more first-class collections and museums than any other, builds up his strong and realistic pictures. These are admirable compositions from the point of view of that much labored theory that the symphony, or cacophony, of color and line on the canvas is all that is important. His compositions are in themselves things of joy. They are order in chaos. And they are this directly out of life. There is no need here for frenetic expressionism that may or may not be a lack of ability to paint well; there is no deliberate eccentricity, some trying of the farthest point west or south in some particular straining of a theory to its ultimate. Here art is at the sane norm of human experience, and to jaded gallery goers or even that remarkable breed of angry pundits who pass for art critics, here, among some others, is a sign that what was really a pretty sterile, though violent, transitional period in art, a depression to which there seemed at times to be no corner, may be breaking up. That much written about thing, a truly native form of art—that is, painting with a recognizably United States signature on it—is with Kroll and Grant Wood, and some others, definitely emerging from the haze of what might be called a colonial period in our art.

THE WHOLLY admirable "Cape Ann," which received this year's Altman Prize at the National Academy show and which has been acquired by the Metropolitan for our delectation and that of generations to come, has in the Milch exhibition two or three anticipatory studies, particularly of the girl coming up over the brow of the hill in her bathing suit and a Terry-cloth peignoir (we hope those esoteric things are right) with the shore and the sea behind her. Then there is a study for the "Summer Afternoon" which was the Altman Prize winner a few years ago and has been acquired by the Whitney Museum: lyrical, amusing, real as real and as satisfying a composition as any of the great ones

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of the Old World. "The Willows," which, if memory serves, was a Carnegie Prize winner and, in any case, was acquired by the Pittsburgh Gallery, has a beautiful study, and there is also a study for the reclining figure which is in the Corcoran, in Washington. Finally, to conclude this vein of optimism about a definite upward trend in art, we might note that the Metropolitan recently also had the excellent enterprise to acquire Jonas Lie's "Menemsha Bight" which he exhibited at the Academy show: again as strong, fine, clean and satisfying a bit of painting as one is likely to encounter anywhere anytime; one of those things that doesn't try to argue or prove anything, but just is a wholly delightful creation.

Reaching an Abuse

THE INDICTMENT, by the Grand Jury of Mecklenberg County, in North Carolina, of five convict camp officials lends a degree of appalling corroboration to the stories of neglect and extreme cruelty in a prison of that locality, which have recently been made public. This is not the first time, unfortunately, that such conditions have been brought home to a Southern convict camp in late years. Of course, the concrete administration of a system of penology is an unhappy business at best; there are so many apparent justifications for harshness and so many opportunities for the abuse of authority that unless the institution is manned throughout by exceptional guards and officers, some types of abuse seem practically inevitable. However, it would seem that an altogether different sort of callousness and public indifference, or public ignorance, must have been at work in the prison camp in question. The treatment of prisoners under discipline there had passed quite beyond the merely explicable level of careless abusiveness. When men are chained upright in a cold cell for so long a time that their feet become gangrened, and must be amputated, not even the memories that can be dredged up from an early perusal of Charles Reade's prison stories can match the actuality. Fortunately, the legal authorities have acted with a resoluteness which, carried through, should effectually repair what neglect or corruption has made possible.

Fine Amateur Performances

IN MANY ways the world goes on with a discouraging sameness. Lady Astor is still making cracks in Parliament to the discomfiture of men, nature is still in disorder, with earthquakes in the East and dust storms in the West, the disarmament conferences are still followed by a wholesale increase in arms appropriations. The very sport headlines, now that we come to think of it, are the same, or almost the same—though to be sure that is the cause of less complaint: "Ruth hits number one"; "Batting by Babe helps Braves score." But a closer scrutiny of the news reveals one change that is all to the good. The style in hold-up episodes is altering radically, and not particularly in one limited spot, but everywhere. A single day's news brings in demonstrations from all over the country. The most picturesque, perhaps, is from Atlanta: a woman, hit with a brick and robbed of her purse, had not had time to scream before a gentleman motorist pursued her assailant, carved him swiftly and neatly into temporary helplessness, presented the booty to its owner once more, and vanished in a gentle cloud of dust. Our favorite, however, deals with fifteen bus riders (commuters, we like to think) near Cleveland, who rushed the armed robber who had wounded their driver, trounced him and delivered him to the police. The police must feel a positive twinge of envy at this brilliant amateur protective work.

Wholly Commendable

OUR READERS will doubtless pardon another reference to a Catholic literary undertaking of which all may be legitimately proud. Despite the handicaps incident to an era of extraordinary social and financial distress, Herder and Company have gone forward resolutely with their new encyclopedia—several times referred to in these columns as "Der Grosse Herder." This general reference dictionary is edited out of a spirit of profound loyalty to the principles and traditions of the Catholic faith; and while it is as modern as the stream-line locomotive, there is in it also the spirit of solidity and constancy. Before us lies Volume Ten, so that only two further volumes await publication. Those who can use a German work should acquire this encyclopedia, the price of which is genuinely reasonable if one bears in mind what is offered. Those who cannot, may well be pleased to know that such an achievement has been virtually completed, bringing help, instruction and pleasure to many. Viewed simply as a biographical dictionary, Volume Ten is of the greatest value, for example, as a compendium of information about hundreds of Catholic leaders in all fields during many centuries. One is given some clue to the power of the Church to evoke fidelity and service, from the laity no less than from the clergy. But of course the "Grosse Herder" is many things besides a biographical dictionary. As a matter of fact, it almost reflects the whole complex reality of human achievements in the arts and sciences, in politics and exploration, in philosophy and religion. We can praise it honestly and hope ardently for a wide distribution even in the United States.

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ETHIOPIA

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE

What will happen if Italy marches into Ethiopia? The author of the following paper is an American missionary priest of wide experience, who knows well a land where "tragedy seems ever to have stalked the Church." The heroic effort of Catholic apostles in this part of Africa may be the prelude to still harder work against odds increased by nationalistic emotion, or it may be an augury of triumph to come. A few more years may tell a story of deep, world-wide interest.—The Editors.

AS SOON as it stops raining in East Africa, Italy is expected to start into Ethiopia. It will probably be a very gentlemanly invasion: the modern "stream-line" model of territory-taking. I say nothing of the political side of the question, but am tremendously concerned about the religious angle.

I recall the evening of November 3, 1929, when the Papal Mission to the Sovereigns of Ethiopia was received by the Holy Father before its departure. There was no formality. Archbishop, now Cardinal, Marchetti, the head of the mission, conferred with His Holiness alone in his study and then the other three members were introduced. The Pope stood with the Archbishop as they approached, a vigorous figure with a great red cape thrown carelessly over his white cassocked form, and he extended to each his ring and called each by name. "Monsignor Tisserant"—this was the French member, Pro-prefect of the Vatican Library and Counsellor of the Mission. "Considine"—the American, Secretary of the Mission. "Yupin"—Chinese, Attaché. His Holiness was very interested in this strapping big Chinese priest from Manchuria; it was an idea all his own to send a Chinese. The Ethiopians must know, he reasoned, that the Church is thoroughly world-wide and independent of all government. Ethiopia was all too suspicious of the nations at its borders, the Italians, the French, the English; hence the Holy Father's desire to throw in an American and a Chinese; the Asiatic in particular would appeal, he felt, to the Africans.

We stood in a circle before him and he chatted pleasantly of the journey. He sent his greetings to all, particularly to the saintly old Bishop Jarosseau who awaited at the Ethiopian end. He quoted the words of Tobias. And may such good for souls follow from this visit, he concluded. This was the object which prompted the mission, he said earnestly; this, indeed, he soliloquized, has been the goal of his labors from the beginning of his pontificate and would continue to be to the end.

Two weeks later the mission landed at Gibuti and that fine old veteran, Bishop Jarosseau, brought the party to the rickety hotel and proposed a toast with bottled lemonade. Deeply moved, this man who in 1929 had already lived forty-eight years in Ethiopia said that the old history of the Church there ended with this visit; the new history began. Catholicism, he said, had passed through the era of the catacombs, and now could hope to step modestly out into the day.

The party mounted for three days by the French railways which runs from the coast to Ethiopia's capital, Addis Ababa, the only modern avenue of entry into this land, twice the size of Germany though having only 10,000,000 inhabitants. The diminutive train journeys by day and halts each night, and it is quickly apparent that while the Semitic-blooded Ethiopians have stamina aplenty, their country is African to the core, a land of deserts, savannahs, forests, of mud and grass villages, of primitive farming, of roaming herds and spear-carrying herd-boys. Most that is European bears that provisionary note which bespeaks a lack of faith in its right to enduring life, houses and shops being in great part of unmilled wood and galvanized iron roofs, wretched affairs which suggest the shambly streets of a newborn Western mining town.

Bugles blared as the mission reached the capital, and a platoon of Imperial Cavalry on its snorting ponies flanked the automobiles which drove the party to the home of the mayor of Addis Ababa, placed at the mission's disposal during its stay. The reception by the old Empress Zauditu, since dead, and the then Negus Tafari, now Emperor Haile Selassie I, followed the protocol quite thoroughly, and the atmosphere rose to the pitch of solemnity when after the presentation of the credentials, the representative of the Pope stood motionless by the sovereigns as the cannons boomed outside.

The mission left behind it a souvenir of good feeling which permitted Bishop Jarosseau to quietly begin building a church in Addis Ababa. But what will be the effect of the glowering menace of an advance by a nation the capital of which happens to be the same as the age-old residence city of the Popes? Certainly not a happy one so far as the Ethiopians are concerned.

Tragedy seems ever to have stalked the Church in Ethiopia. Far back in the fourth century,

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when the forebears of most of us were pagan, Saint Frumentius journeyed down from Alexandria and won the Ethiopians to the Faith. Unfortunately, the country became more loyally attached to the outpost from which its apostle came than to the center of Christendom, to Alexandria rather than to Rome. Hence, when, in the fifth century, the Alexandrian followers of Eutychius tried to stand so straight against the heresiarch Nestorius that they fell over backward and went themselves into the heresy of Monophysitism, Ethiopia trustingly took its cue and cheered for Alexandria. Relations with Rome were severed and when Islam built a great buttress about the Mediterranean littoral in Europe, Ethiopia was lost to view. In the Middle Ages she was the subject of many weird legends, which made her the kingdom of Prester John, and what-not.

The Portuguese, skirting Cape Horn, turned attention again on Africa and an Emperor of Ethiopia, Socinius, entered the Church in 1622. The missioners who formed the link with Rome are believed to have been too harsh in their methods; Socinius went back into heresy and his son Facilidas became anti-Catholic. Iyasu I in 1702 was received into the Church but his people rebelled and the missioners had to be hurried out of the country. Yostos in 1712 promised his favor but was overthrown. Beccaffa in 1728 offered to the Pope an alliance against the Turks but nothing came of it. Iyasu II in 1750 offered the missioners an open road. Ezechias at the end of the century received a full-blooded Ethiopian Catholic bishop educated in Egypt, Ghebre Exiavier, but in 1797 the bishop was driven out. Thus all these efforts ended fruitlessly.

The nineteenth century brought a little better fortune. In 1840, Father de Jacobis, a Vincentian, succeeded in staying in the country, while the Capuchins were likewise represented from 1846 on, their great apostle being Massaia. De Jacobis and Massaia are both regarded as among the most illustrious laborers in the mission world during this hundred years. De Jacobis lived until 1860, winning 6,000 to the Uniate Ethiopian Rite which Rome approved. In 1855, a persecution broke out which cost the life of Ghebra-Michael, one of de Jacobis's zealous Ethiopian priests, who was beatified in Rome in 1927. When the Italians took from Ethiopia the country along the Red Sea which they call Eritrea, most of the Vincentian converts, now totaling almost 40,000, were found to inhabit the occupied territory. Massaia labored for thirty-five years, from 1846 to 1880, during which he was captured and exiled three times. He was kept in Rome by Leo XIII during his old age, made a cardinal in 1884, and, protestingly piled with honors, he died in 1889, one of the grand missionary figures of all time.

Nevertheless, the results were small. Emperor Menelik became well disposed toward the Papacy and in 1907 sent two playful lion cubs to Pope Pius X. But Bishop Jarosseau as a young priest was driven from Addis Ababa and hard deeds were done against priests and lay Catholics up until very recently. Only the present Emperor has been friendly and he quite cautiously so. The Church in Ethiopia today possesses a bare 15,000 Catholics and its position is still precarious.

Leaving aside the Italians, who will probably upset this line-up, there are three great influences in Ethiopia today: (1) the Emperor, (2) the returned students, (3) the Orthodox clergy. The second, few though they are, represent rallying centers for the movement of radical advance and tend to be impetuous. The third are reactionary. The Emperor, discreet and big-visioned as he is, would be, if no one came from the outside, the fine balance between both for lasting progress. Under him the Church could hope to move quietly forward.

True, there are those who view the entry of the foreigner without alarm so far as the Church's interests are concerned. They call attention to the fact that Ethiopia's 10,000,000 inhabitants are not a homogeneous body, that there are at most but 6,000,000 of Ethiopian blood, members of the Orthodox Church, with over 2,000,000 Moslems and almost 2,000,000 pagans, this 4,000,000 belonging to non-Ethiopian tribes.

The ruling class in case of conquest would feel more bitter than ever toward every form of Christianity other than its own, but the reactionary power of the clergy would be broken. At present, the priests, monks, deacons, chanters (debtors) and attachés of every kind supported by the immense wealth of the Orthodox Church, which is said to possess a quarter of the land, are estimated at 2,000,000, one-fifth of the population. A foreign power would probably free great numbers now held in practical bondage by Orthodoxy.

The presence of the foreigner would probably permit greater freedom among the non-Ethiopians. Little hope of important results can be entertained so far as the Moslem Somalis are concerned, but other tribes have only recently accepted the Prophet and that merely to save them from the shame of being without an organized religion. These probably could be approached with success. Despite the hamperings of the Orthodox, limited progress has already been made among the Galla by the Capuchins and among the Kaffa by the Consolata Missioners. This whole body could undoubtedly be won quickly if the missioners are given a free hand.

Thus, the entry of a foreign power into Ethiopia can do harm and might do good so far as the religious welfare of the people is concerned.

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JOHN LAFARGE: THE ARTIST

By MABEL LA FARGE

WHO IS this slender silhouette against the sunlight, pausing in his morning walk? His frail, willowy body, his shaded face, suggest a man who lives in the upper regions of the intellect; his energy seems to be concentrated in his hands—the sun shines on his fingers and on the golden meadow path ahead. He wears the wide hat of an artitst.

This is John LaFarge, painted by himself, as a young man. We see him just back from Europe and from indelible impressions of great masters and minds: Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Delacroix, and his own cousin and contemporary, Paul de St. Victor, the writer, and friend of artists. He had received from his parents a foundation of highly educated French Catholic culture in his American childhood.

Is there some significance in the lit hands and shining path? Look well at this picture before you see him further in his art of jeweled splendor, for he was above all the artist, living in his creations.

In a lecture on the teaching of art, John LaFarge once quoted a Japanese artist as saying: "When you draw a branch you must feel as if you were that branch yourself," and so we will look for him playing successive parts, in his work. Let him enter with his "Arrival of the Magi," or Wise Men of the East. The cavalcade of Persian horses and horsemen, turbaned, richly clothed, and bringing gifts, halt to survey in wonder a country new to them—Paradise Valley veiled in a velvet glow of spreading dawn, and stretching in mellow undulations to the distant ocean—our own Eastern seaboard, trembling in the rising light. This subject delighted LaFarge, for the gorgeousness of the East had a special fascination for him, and he loved to pour its treasures where they were most needed, into our bare New England land, that he could now call home. He was a sort of Wise Man himself, with something of magic in his words and presence. Let us see what were the gifts he brought from an ancient civilization richer and more colorful than our own—in order that we may appreciate in this month of his centenary the heritage he has left us in our houses and monuments and churches.

We have seen a painting from nature, in the background for his Wise Men. Nature was the foundation upon which he built; its truth was his corner-stone. But it was no mere copying of the surface of nature, it was the anima behind the surface that he penetrated, the vibration of a field of snow, the fragrance of a wreath of garden flowers, the spirit of the water-lily. He had caught that spirit even before his fancy added a little winged creature rising from the flower.

Now we see him in a new part, piping to us as the "Pied Piper," the children streaming after him; or again as the "Wolf-Charmer" with stealthy tread, luring the wolves. He often seemed to enjoy the wonder-box of the lured, as also in his "Fisherman and the Genie." The "Golden Age or Wood-Nymph" reflects the serenity of this period, with the studio near his family in Newport, and outdoor painting at hand. But fame, the inexorable, awaited him, bringing sacrifice as well as glory. He had no choice but to follow.

The first call came to serve his country—in his own way—in the making of the "Battle Window." The architect's plan was for stiff upright figures in each pair of windows around the hall. LaFarge broke the rule and made his warriors charge across the dividing mullion with their jeweled shields and floating flag. It was his first window, and a daring innovation. He spared nothing to make it supreme in beauty. Like a meteor the "Battle Window" flashed across our horizon, and his career was under way.

He threw himself with his frail body and exhausting nervous energy into a succession of works: the decorating of Trinity Church, Boston; St. Thomas's, and the Church of the Incarnation, in New York; the Whitelaw Reid lunettes of Music and Dance, the walls and windows of the Vanderbilt houses, and, last but not least, the Church of the Ascension, with the finest mural painting of our time, his great "Ascension." He had to move his studio to New York, where he organized a glass company, and trained artizan workers, unequaled perhaps in quality since the Middle Ages. Thomas Wright, the artist worker, and LaFarge's right hand, will be long remembered. The window of the "Christ in Majesty" and the rainbow "Vision of St. John the Evangelist," for Trinity Church, sprang into being among a thousand others.

LaFarge's aim was to get away from the taint of commercialism in art. In his lecture on the teaching of art, he said:

> We should learn to follow out what might be the true intention, solemnity or grace, or fervor, or peace, some kind of human emotion. And as we know that these are not purchasable, we should not look to obtain them in commercial warehouses of knowledge. There can be no Macy's for the intellectual and the moral.

Nor was there any Macy's about LaFarge.

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His studio at 51 West 10th Street was a veritable page from the "Arabian Nights," so full it was of curios of beauty; even stuffed peacocks stood in a dusty corner, ready to be sublimated in his "Peacock Window" and "Peony Window." Part of his genius lay in his ability to turn everyone and everything about him into fuel for his fiery forge, his art. He gave himself, his health, his material interests and all that belonged to him, as a holocaust to beauty.

In 1889, he sent to the Paris Exposition his memorial window called "The Angel Sealing the Servants of God in their Foreheads." The medal that it received and his decoration from the French government, of the Legion of Honor, could not have filled his painter soul with more delight than the tribute of the artists of the jury in their report:

> His work cannot be fully gaged here, where a single window represents a name the most celebrated and widely known in our Sister Republic. He is the great innovator, the inventor of opaline glass. He has created in all its details an art unknown before, an entirely new industry, and in a country without tradition he will begin one followed by thousands of pupils filled with the same respect for him that we have ourselves for our own masters. To share in this respect is the highest praise we can give to this great artist.

Here were recognition and worldly acclaim indeed; but as we look at this window and ponder over the inspiration of its subject, do we not see a divine dedication as well? Was not the Angel sealing a Servant of God in John LaFarge also, and for long service to humanity? But nature, LaFarge's corner-stone, once more called him, and claimed him for a while in journeys to Japan and the South Seas. Studies from nature of marvellous landscapes, and of rolling mists on the mountain tops of Nikko, or Tahiti, were made, for use later in his mural paintings. On the back of one of these sketches is penciled Adams's call: "LaFarge come to breakfast!" The legends and mysticism of Japan suggested also imaginative subjects, such as his "Priest of Idzumo watching at dawn for the soul of the dragon which comes in with the May tides." Never has LaFarge entered into a part with more enjoyment than in this water-color of the old man in yellow robes squatting on the sand at sunrise to catch the incoming foam.

But in the South Seas the bronzed bodies of the natives garlanded and swaying in their rhythmic dances or sliding down waterfalls were fantastic and poetical enough without recourse to the imagination. He painted them as they were. He sent home to his son, Bancel, then in charge of the studio in New York, a water-color he had made called "Presentation of Gifts," with the accompanying letter:

> Samoa, November 22, 1890.
>
> My dear old Man: This is not a scene from an opera, nor a study for a classical fresco like those of M. Puvis de Chavannes. It is what we saw at a little place called Faleu, in the island of Manono, where we were last month for two days, and it was still more like a scene from an opera and much more classical. . . . But it is all beautiful beyond exaggeration.

A few months later he wrote a letter to his wife from Tahiti, fragments of which reveal glimpses of his concern for her and the children:

> Tahiti, February 10, 1891.
>
> My dear M.:
>
> . . . If only I had taken Bancel with me, but then no one could have taken his place with the clients. . . . X might have done a little, but you see Bancel or any of my sons can easily be myself. But Adams would have been pleased to have him I know, from all he has said. . . . And I have sometimes needed care and attention that Awoki is too much of a child and of a Jap to give.
>
> And Bam would have enjoyed it. If I am rich ever I shall send him down here. I had wished to speak of the children but I cannot say much because there is little to say, only to hope. I was glad to know about Emily and her getting stronger.
>
> I wrote to Margaret and I shall yet . . . write to Emily who writes me so nicely . . . Emily is natural and witty. . . .
>
> love to all Yrs affly
>
> J. L. F.
>
> Don't forget specially my love to Mother and the girls, and of course they will see my journal when it gets into clear writing. . . .
>
> . . . I was glad to know of your being better and feeling stronger. When I saw you last it seemed to me on the contrary that you looked less well than in the winter. I do hope that you will make an effort as it were to keep well. It seems such a pity when you have kept up this far to go down at all.
>
> There will, I think, be less worry except what must happen always. Another year ought to give us better chances. You were still so young looking last winter—
>
> Goodbye.

In this letter LaFarge himself leads us to the artist-husband and father, and to the question: "Why has so little been said about his human side?" Were his family, too, sacrificed to his great end: to leave the world nobler and more beautiful, to give consolation to the sorrowing, and to open the gates of Paradise to those who had lost their vision of immortality? Yes, the family suffered also, actual pressing material needs. But can anything great be born without suffering?

John LaFarge's fine discrimination showed in his friends, and was especially marked in his choice of a wife. Margaret Mason Perry, grand-

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daughter of Commodore Perry, and great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, was a fitting wife for one of his nobility of mind. She had a quality of quiet moonlight in her voice, her beauty and her personality. She was an ardent reader; passive by nature, patient, enduring, wise. In adversity, she bent like a reed before the wind, and rose again. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady" is said to have been taken from her. The thin graceful figure of the kneeling Magdalen in LaFarge's "Noli Me Tangere" of St. Thomas's Church was his wife, as also the figures of the three Marys.

LaFarge instructed her himself in his own faith of which he had an inspiring grasp. She became a Catholic. He was intellectually, deeply religious-minded, expressing it in his art. She was saintly, and hiddenly devout, leaning on her faith to meet the hardships of life. When she read to her small son the beautiful Litany of the Virgin, he thought it was his own mother being described: "Mother most admirable, Mother of Good Counsel, Cause of our joy, Comforter of the afflicted." . . . She understood her husband's genius.

His friends also understood. Trinity Church was created by the combined trio, Richardson the architect, Phillips Brooks and LaFarge. Mr. Brooks used to say, "I like working with Richardson and LaFarge, one has no sense of moral responsibility for them." The man who could conceive his "Christ and Nicodemus," and convey the calm Presence of the Mysterious Visitor coming in the quiet shadows of night, and the human exultation of the other figure, expressed in the reds and yellows of his garment and the hand on his beating heart—such a man might be compared with Rembrandt and could not be judged by ordinary standards. Among his other friends was Father Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, of whom he has left an exquisite drawing that might be a Saint Matthew turning the pages of a book. Together with Father Hecker, and in consultation with his friends, St. Gaudens and Stanford White, LaFarge planned the massive structure of St. Paul's. Here one feels the spaciousness and profundity of his conception of the Catholic Church. In spite of his own unfinished part in the decoration his presence here is poignantly felt.

LaFarge gave his lectures called "Considerations on Painting" in the Metropolitan Museum and repeated them later in Boston. His visits were events in the quiet annals of our chilhood. His coming would be announced by telegram, followed by more telegrams indefinitely postponing his arrival. But once under our roof, the timeless Eastern sage, with an aroma of incense or sandalwood about him, drew old and young alike into the charmed circle of his prismatic talk.

One Christmas, a book arrived containing his lectures, beautifully bound in green morocco, and with the following letter:

Xmas, 1895.

Dear Miss Mabel:

Had I known how many misprints and blunders there were in this book, I should have waited for another edition before having a copy bound for you.

But the second edition will not be out before six weeks, and, after all, what I wish is to send you a reminder of me and of the pleasure I had in your taking pleasure in my lectures.

In fact it was worth doing them to see your sisters and yourself listening to them. . . .

Here one sees his kindliness to the young. He liked to talk to simple, natural people, and always with the sympathetic attitude of a fellow learner.

On one of his visits to us he was shown some original William Blakes. He devoured them with his orb-like eye close to the pages as usual, gloating over the thrilling color passages. When he put the book down, he said quietly, "That was like a stiff glass of whisky when one especially needed it."

His friends were often amused at his little foibles; a cab was paid by the hour to wait for him while he worked in Trinity Church, though there was a cab stand across the street; he said that it helped him to paint with more pressure.

A treasured memory is having seen him at work on his great "Ascension" painting. The scaffolding was high, and one feared for his footing on the dizzy structure, but down he climbed to speak to his friends below. One of them asked him if his unfinished Christ would have a blaze of light behind Him. "Oh! No," was the answer, "it will be all quiet." The mist on the mountain tops of Nikko was his vision for the "Ascension." LaFarge and the rector of the Ascension Church, Dr. Donald, were devoted friends, having successfully weathered the usual strain between artist and client. Dr. Donald delighted to tell of his once having asked him jokingly, "LaFarge, are you putting my likeness among the Apostles?" The artist looked at him quizzically and replied, "Don't you remember that Judas Iscariot wasn't present?"

One last memory of his human side was the interest he took in a small grandson. He came often to see the baby lying on its back kicking and playing. His eyes peered at the infant over his glasses as he asked, "What do you dream about, I wonder? Do you dream of little wolves and foxes?" There was something just a little uncanny in the question reminiscent of his "Wolf Charmer" days.

Affairs in the studio with his son's help went better for a decade. But the time came when the son had to choose his own long-postponed career. A letter follows from his father on the choice:

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> You will see in answer to some questioning of yours in a letter to me that as far as my own opinion goes, Bam has fully filled in his time this summer by painting the moonlight wave and boat and the sky and sea of the little high picture. . . . And now again (according to my opinion always) if he had not painted the moonlight and the little windy piece, still his summer is all right. The growth in artistic development is not like a building which you can promise for a given month or year—nor even as a tree or plant. It is all capricious varying for each person and in that very person. The main thing is whether the person is sufficiently near to it to be said to be born for it. Bam is that and all he has to do is to go on, fill up his time as he likes but only not missing a chance to do something different as pure study for no utility. That was Puvis's advice and I think it of the best. You see when I first took him with me, I feared to push him toward art. The fact that he was artistic and had capacities I knew from his babydom. . . . But had he not something else which would be of more practical advantage and less disappointing—for art has no end and can't be attained, like some objects of ambition . . . and then to be an artist is risking the people around you, for you may be successful and yet make no money, hold no place—be despised of all and rejected. All this is written to answer all sorts of vague doubts and projects of help you may have.
>
> There need be little doubt and help only for the daily pull or momentary effort.
>
> Now I have preached as Professor J. L. F. . . .

His letters and writings—rather paintings in words, so evanescent are they—would seem almost enough for one man's career. But when one adds his stupendous output of artistic production in glass and painting, with their varied subjects, epochs and places, one can only conclude that his mind was universal—and if universal means Catholic he was Catholic-minded in its fullest sense.

He was an omniverous reader, and seemed equally at home in the myths and culture of Greece and Rome, the philosophy and legends of China and Japan, and all phases of Christian civilization. He must have lived and had his being in the Gospels, so easily did biblical scenes rise in his mind for his windows and religious work. His range of subjects alone is bewildering: we see "Athens" as a stately woman with castellated crown, accompanied by Venus and the scholarly Minerva, chosen for a painting in Bowdoin College; and Socrates, for a Supreme Court room, discussing with his companions "the Relation of the Individual to the State"; Moses, drawing inspiration for his Commandments from the thunder-clouds; and Confucius, fingering on his lute the measures and the laws of music. The nature-loving artist must have relished the scene of Numa Pompilius, legendary King of Rome, sitting by a bubbling spring—his regal head thrown back—to catch the whispered secrets of the gods, from the lovely nymph Egeria stretched on the bank above.

All these pictures and many more, fittingly described by his friend Royal Cortissoz, were born in LaFarge's mind.

Let us look last at his "Moral and Divine Law," with Moses kneeling apart on a craggy mountain top, encircled with clouds and majestic scenery. The landscape was that of the mountain of Aorai in Tahiti. Here let us pause, looking at this painting, while we recall a legend that LaFarge liked to tell. It is the

> . . . story of a famous Chinese painter who lived in Japan far back—ever so far back—and who painted there sublime religious pictures. But, getting old, he went home to China to die, and at the end betook himself to landscape painting. Everyone knew that he was so engaged, and that he was painting a great painting—some screen, perhaps—a subject representing mountain scenery, such a retreat as a man might wish to end in when he had given up the world. This was known to his pupils, but no one was allowed to see it, until at length, by some sort of command, he offered to show it to the emperor and his court. Of course it was criticized; fault was found with the technique; and the reality; and the composition; and the feeling. . . . The old painter listened without answering. He bowed in acknowledgment to the people present, and then "as he had created this work of art for his final abode," he stepped into the picture and disappeared within the images that he had painted. And the painting also faded from before the spectators. . . .

Then added LaFarge:

> The moral of this story is natural enough—that the art of the painter is his final abode. If it be really his, he is safe within it—safe from praise as he is safe from blame.

And so let us take leave of him here, as he steps into the grandeur of this landscape, with Moses kneeling on the mountain top.

A little study for the window of the "Resurrection"—LaFarge's best—belonged to Henry Adams. It represented two figures seated on a tomb, one bowed in sorrow, while on her arm rests compassionately the hand of her companion. The tomb is flung open, and in the glow of blue above is the risen Christ. This was LaFarge's way of showing sympathy to a friend in grief. Others had been comforted also—who but he could have thought of the "Angel of healing at the waters of Bethsaida," or the "Angel of Help" with strong hands, administering to the mourners while the jeweled casket is borne aloft to heaven?

These miracles of light were left to us by John LaFarge. Confidently we believe he has passed from earth into the radiant company of the Elect.

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HARLEM REVISITED

By GEORGE CHESTER MORSE

I WAS an undergraduate when I heard the legend of Harlem. According to the legend, Harlem was the Mecca of the Negro, the Promised Land for those Negroes who yearned for freedom and self-expression that had no chance in the hinterlands. I heard much about the New Negro and the Negro Renaissance in the arts. I was credulous enough to believe that legend and yearned for the end of my formal education that I might enjoy what Harlem had to offer. The legend, of course, traveled far, even across to Europe. Carl Van Vechten published a best seller, "Nigger Heaven," which publicized the night life of Harlem. Claud McKaye, a Negro poet, followed with a novel, "Home to Harlem," which depicted that section of Manhattan as a haven for Negroes seeking the true happiness.

As a student, I made brief excursions there. I found it to be a city of black folks, a microcosm indeed, teeming and bursting with life, spreading both uptown and downtown. There was a hegira of Negroes there who like myself believed in the legend. I saw colorful parades as the adherents of Marcus Garvey marched with the hope of the Negro's place in the sun by autonomy somewhere in Africa.

I found it to be a place of dark laughter and gay music. I visited studios where Negro artists and pseudo-artists gathered and talked of the New Negro and self-expression in true Greenwich Village style. Tourists came in droves to visit choice places of interest. The books about Harlem had created a boom in night club patronage.

Of course, that was during the Coolidge era when the fever of making money was at its height. There was a great influx of Negroes from the South, and living quarters in that sacred precinct were at a premium. Landlords were getting rich, for an inferior railroad apartment earned as much as $70 and $80 for them. There was little protest made about these exorbitant rentals, and many Harlemites met that problem by taking in boarders or staging rent parties where liquor and gambling proved profitable for them. There were sordid stories told of this terrible maladjustment. I remember one that dealt with the evil of overcrowding. One Harlem tenant rented most of his rooms to men who occupied the beds in shifts. The children of these tenants had no place to sleep and remained in the streets until dawn when they might find room to rest. But all the reports of maladjustment went unheeded, for the ballyhoo of Harlem superseded the sober facts of social and economic maladjustment.

There was little unemployment then. Those who didn't work lived off their wits. They were chiefly ne'er-do-wells, policy gamblers and bootleggers. Domestics were in great demand, and the general boom gave employment to many. Negroes of Harlem were not paying income taxes, but they had faith in the system and believed that a greater prosperity lurked somewhere in the horizon. When you walked up Seventh Avenue on a Sunday afternoon in spring or summer, the promenade of Harlemites convinced you that there must have been some basis for the legend.

The average Harlemite saw little connection with the crash of October, 1929, and his fate. He learned in a realistic fashion that Negroes were the last to be hired and the first to be fired. Harlemites were losing their menial jobs. Businesses houses and factories were using just a few of their workers. The depression had begun and a few Harlem churches had begun to organize soup kitchens. At the end of 1934, the Urban League had released an alarming report. A survey had revealed that 80 percent of Harlemites were on relief. The mortality rate had increased after a period of improvement. Negro children were showing the visible effects of malnutrition. Furniture of dispossessed families was a common sight in the streets. Harlem was no longer a city of dark laughter. There were feeble efforts of protest. The studios had changed into radical groups. The Communists began to gather its converts in the fertile field. Tenants organized rent strikes. Bitter Harlemites began to picket white merchants and store-keepers who employed no Negroes.

Harlem had changed since the first day I walked up Seventh Avenue and saw a Garvey parade. The idle were everywhere, talking in groups, wondering if the depression would ever lift. Policy gambling with the odds of 999 to 1 seemed to be the only hope to many impoverished Negroes who staked their pennies and nickels and dimes on the returns of a number. I discovered many educated Negroes working on temporary white collar projects, despairing of the future, coming to grips with the horrible social and economic factors undermining the community.

Scattered here and there were the kingdoms of Father Divine, who overawed many impoverished and ignorant Harlemites into believing he was God by his succor of food and shelter. A little brown man being regarded as a Messiah would

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have been impossible before the crash. But to a group bewildered by the turn of events, he has given a spiritual rebirth that is accompanied with enough business acumen to keep body and soul of his adherents together.

I saw yellow, brown and black girls on the streets soliciting trade. There is little work for Negro girls. They stand in doorways or sit at windows with painted faces to attract passers-by, keeping an alert eye upon the police. The well-dressed men that I saw in the neighborhood were the pimps who make their income off these prostitutes. These girls do not smile unless they smile for business. I saw crowds gathered about speakers who were talking about a class struggle, about unions, and the inadequacy of relief. Everywhere a feeling of resentment was smouldering waiting for something to kindle it.

It came. A Puerto Rican youth was caught stealing a knife in a department-store in Harlem. When he fought his captors, a Negro girl screamed and spread reports of his being beaten. A hearse in the vicinity was enough to convince someone that the boy had been killed. The news spread like wild-fire. A mob of Harlemites gathered. They pushed aside the police who attempted to curb them. Their resentment against conditions burst into violence. Stores were attacked, windows were broken and stocks pillaged. Papers claimed there was a race riot. But it was no race riot. It was a riot of blacks conscious now of being exploited for years. When I saw the damaged area where police patrolled the streets, I remembered the legend of Harlem as I did the fairy-tales told to me by a brown girl who had a class of little Negro boys.

A LOURDES' UNCURED

By J. B. McALLISTER, JR.

MY VERY first visit to the Grotto made me realize poignantly how few were the cured. I looked daily upon rows and rows of sick people as they assisted at Mass or waited to receive Holy Communion; I saw them at the baths and during the blessing of the sick in the afternoon, and I read expectation in their eyes. Yet, quite likely, the vast majority would go home as diseased and deformed as when they came.

Though it was my last day at Lourdes and I knew no one at the Hospitalité, I resolved to inquire there about the uncured. A middle-aged man sat at a desk facing the door. I asked if anyone spoke English.

"I do," he said.

"Well, I have some questions I should like to ask. . . ."

"Ask them."

Such curtness suggested plain speaking, so I told him I wanted to know what happened to those who weren't cured. Were they terribly disappointed?

As he looked up I noticed leather pads under his armpits. "Some are," he said in a matter of fact tone. "True, only a few are cured; but many are helped. Most of those who leave not cured are still hopeful. They will come again."

While he spoke, *brancardiers* continually interrupted him, and finally he asked if I could come back in the afternoon. "I'll not be so busy then. Shall we say three o'clock?"

Punctually at three I entered the Hospitalité. The gentleman lifted himself to greet me, and we sat down facing each other. Two crutches leaned against the wall back of him. In the afternoon light his face was kindly. His eyes though piercing were not unpleasant, suggesting a thoughtful rather than a dour man. His hair was luxuriant black streaked with silver. I took out note-book and pen and asked if many despaired.

"None despair! I often interview the patients before they leave. I have never seen a case, even the worst, downcast. They go away fired with hope, and do not say 'adieu' but 'au revoir.' The relatives are sometimes downcast, for they were hoping to get rid of the trouble of looking after an invalid and consequently do not take lightly the prospect of more nursing."

He must have noticed my astonishment for he repeated, "None despair. I will give you an example. A lady had come to Lourdes several summers without being cured. Last summer during Benediction the lady beside her was cured. That evening a friend complained that she should have been the favored one, since she had come oftener. 'No,' she said, 'the lady beside me was worse than I. It was quite natural that she should be cured and not I.' The words you usually hear are, 'God's will be done.' "

"Are there many cures?"

"Last summer (1930), there were some two hundred alleged cures. The medical department kept eighty cases as 'very interesting' and of these they submitted about twelve to the Bishop. Last Friday a woman was lying on a stretcher there by those trees during Benediction. As the Blessed Sacrament passed, the woman rose and knelt down. The crowds crushed upon her and it took

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twenty *brancardiers* to rescue her. You see, we try to avoid commotion, for the patient's sake, of course; but there is another reason. We consider every 'cure' at first a lie. When a real cure is effected, there is often a terrible pain inside the body. The patient usually half faints. Such a case we think worthy of belief. When you see a case making motions and showing signs of great joy, it is a fair sign that it is false. A true cure is quiet, smiling, weeping perhaps but weeping gently."

All this was interesting, but while writing I was wondering about the man himself who was speaking. There were those crutches and leather pads. What kept him at Lourdes, behind a desk all day in summer heat? Where had he learned to speak English so well? When he paused, I asked if he had been in England.

"No, never. Do I talk like it? Well, as a boy I worked in a steamship office and learned English from kind captains. . . ."

He made no move to continue, so I said, "Would you mind telling me what brought you to Lourdes and keeps you here?"

"It's all right for you to ask," he said slowly, "about my devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes. Perhaps it may be useful for some to know how one is attracted by that Grotto. My devotion is many years old. But the story is too long to tell now. I will send it to you."

He gave me his card: M. H. Lemarchand, Toulon.

Some months later the following letter came, and I am grateful for the writer's permission to use it.

"My sister and I are Bretons from Brest. About thirty-five years ago an old and poor priest from Brittany, Abbé Bravezec, used to visit us. He often spoke of the miraculous cures of Lourdes, and after he had left my sister and I would talk of going there some day. Perhaps I might be cured. But in spite of our longing we could not go; for, being orphans and living with our grandmother, money was not plentiful. In 1906, after her death, we left Brittany to come to Provence.

"In Toulon sister and I had to provide for ourselves and to work as hard as we could to lay some money by. Then came the Great War. Traveling was out of the question, especially as sister was a nurse. So I had to remain where I was. But, in 1920, our aunt went to Bordeaux with her husband, and in July sister and I went to spend a month with her.

"One day, my aunt proposed we go to Lourdes. Naturally we accepted and went. The first thing we did on arriving was to go to the Grotto. My first impression was very deep and made of hope and sadness. Sadness at the sight of the sufferers we passed; sadness at having kept away so long. Of hope for my cure. During twenty-four years I had thought of Lourdes and of going there—and I was here. My first station at the Grotto was a weeping one. What did I weep for? I cannot tell; but such was my first prayer. The blessing of the sick was another occasion of shedding tears, but this time they were tears of pity. The hours flew without our noticing them. It was nearly six and we had no hotel. A priest directed us to one. The Arras pilgrimage was staying there, and every year since we have put up at this hotel.

"The following day we went through all the ceremonies: Mass and Holy Communion at the Grotto at seven; the baths at nine; station at the Grotto at eleven; the Way of the Cross at four-thirty; and at eight-thirty the candle-light procession.

"The farewell, next day, was heart-rending for me; not that I was disappointed, but it seemed I was leaving my home and best friends; so I promised to come the next year with the Arras pilgrimage.

"In August, we started from Bordeaux for a pilgrimage of eight days. I still prayed for my cure. But on the second day at Lourdes, while I was sitting among the sick during Benediction, I began to be ashamed of myself. On my right a blind woman sat rigid in her chair; on my left lay a consumptive. I looked around at all those sufferers, and then up to the green mountain and higher to the sky. I could see and I could move about, having the free use of my ears and tongue and arms. I had not known sickness or disease—and I was praying for my cure. I started praying for the blind woman and the consumptive. Since that moment I have felt that I ought to think of others and not of myself.

"In the following year (1922), sister and I were back again. As usual we followed the exercises of the Arras pilgrimage. Daily I went to the baths while sister stayed outside beneath the trees and prayed. It was during this visit that at the suggestion of Viscomte de la Poëze sister arranged to work in the baths the following year.

"In July, 1923, five of us set out for Lourdes: my sister, two boys, Raoul and Alexander Serene, their aunt, and I. The boys, aged fourteen and seventeen, had been my pupils. To show them Lourdes in graduated impressions I took them to the upper church for Mass. When we came out we looked at the plaza in front of the Grotto. It was the usual scene of litters and wheel chairs. *Brancardiers* were coming and going with their leather straps straining under the weight of stretchers; pages were guiding people to their places for Mass or Holy Communion, receiving candles for the Grotto and bouquets to cover the

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rock about the Virgin's statue. We were all moved at the sight, and Alexander said, 'How many sick there are; how few helpers! I wish I could help those poor people.'

"Later that morning I met Eloy, an old friend and *hospitalier,* and told him about the boys. In a moment my two boys vanished with Eloy. They returned, Alexander with the straps of volunteer stretcher-bearer and Raoul with the armlet of page. The boys left me to go to work. I felt lonely. The boys were busy all day long. Sister worked in the baths. I alone was useless.

"Tabary asked what was wrong. He was my friend, so I explained as well as I could. He admitted I could not look after cases, but thought I might be useful somewhere. They gave me clerical work to do and I felt like a new man. I was doing something to help the sick. The fortnight passed as a day. My resolution to come again was strengthened.

"In 1924, we spent a full month at Lourdes. The feeling of brotherhood increased. I became an interpreter at the Hospitalité. Things grew clearer for me and charity took on a new meaning. How quickly that month went by! Sister was awarded two medals in the following year and I was made a member of the Hospitalité. Just before we left an English doctor who had become a monk asked me to get some information relative to the cure of a Toulon girl.

"The case of Rose T. kept my thoughts close to Lourdes during the winter, and when July (1926) came we went back—sister to the baths, I to an office. Thus we have spent our vacations, and as love for Lourdes has grown so has our devotion to Mary and her Son. But devotion to the sick brings its own reward. I will give you an instance—one out of many. We thought we had succeeded in having a poor insane and crippled girl admitted to the 1930 National Pilgrimage. After my arrival at Lourdes a letter came saying the girl had been refused but that she and her mother were coming anyway. I took the case to Comte de Marcellus, a director of the Pilgrimage, and he arranged with Mother S. Stephen for both the mother and daughter to be taken care of. How happy we were to meet the train and hurry our *Toulonnaises* to the Hospital S. Frai!

"Perhaps it sounds foolish to speak of the happiness I have found at Lourdes, I who went to Lourdes to be cured and am still a cripple. But I have found contentment and my soul has been cured. And for more than anyone knows Lourdes has done the same thing.

"You see this is a confession I write you. . . . Use it freely, for if it can do good to some, induce some to come, further the love and devotion to Our Lady, I shall be very glad to have helped."

SQUIRRELS

By VINCENT ENGELS

OUTSIDE my window there is a fat tall locust tree. The tips of its lower branches are three and a half or four feet from the branches of a slim red cedar. At present a squirrel is building a rambling nest of leaves in the cedar, and anyone seeing him at it might find it a pleasure to add still another endorsement to his old reputation for industry and foresight. According to that reputation, he must also be growing himself a coat of fur, a middling coat if he thinks the winter will be mild, but a heavy one if he expects very frosty weather. I have no faith in all this, either in his coat or in his building, since I know from experience that as soon as the temperature gets within twenty degrees of zero, he will abandon his nest and come to live in the walls of our house.

He gathers his leaves on the ground. There is a deep drift of leaves near the foot of the tree, but they are under some tabu. He goes afield, sometimes to the other end of the grove, and he is very selective. We who walk on two great legs have no choice in fallen leaves, but the squirrel has built nests of them before, and has discovered differences. Or perhaps he is a little absent-minded, and forgets what he has come down for. He really looks absent-minded until he grabs a mouthful of leaves and comes for the locust on the run. He goes up the trunk in a series of convulsive leaps, and trots the length of the bough to where the twig is no thicker than a pencil, and as the twig sinks beneath his weight, he jumps, so using the full length and power of the bough as a springboard to hurl him to the cedar. When he has arranged his leaves, he goes down the slim trunk of the cedar. He never comes and goes in any other way. He never jumps back to the locust, and he never comes up the cedar. Sometimes he must pass the cedar to get to the locust, but he never goes directly to his nest. That would be as unthinkable as to use the nest after it had been built.

What seems so remarkable to me is the distance he can leap when he has a good bough to spring him. He is only eight inches long, not counting his tail (which certainly contributes nothing to his jump), and to see him flash through four tremendous feet of space is as thrilling as to see an acrobat leave his trapeze for a sail into emptiness.

Eight inches to leap forty-eight! It is as though a bear could leap thirty feet. Perhaps he can, for all I know. I am not an authority on bears. I have never even met one in the woods, although I have met there some redoubtable bear hunters. The most redoubtable bear hunter I ever met was a gentleman who had killed a bear for every one of his seventy winters. But even he was no authority on bears; for instance, he could not tell me what bear meat tasted like. He himself had never eaten it, for what seemed to me a very good reason.

"I'll tell you, the first bar ever I shot," and there was a very long and very remarkable story about the first bar ever he shot. When he had shot him, he went back to camp for the knife he had forgotten. And then—"When I come back to skin him out, there was my brother

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Jack askinning him out. In fact Jack had a'ready skinned him out. And when I come around the rock, and see that bar all white and naked, and his feet astickin' up, by Judas it gave me a turn. For a minute I thought it was a man." And that was why he had never tasted bar meat.

I may be no authority on bars, as he never nearly was, but I am, and quite against my will, acquiring all sorts of knowledge about squirrels. I began by observing trees, as all writers must do who face their desks to a window instead of to a blank and empty wall. For always there comes the moment when you lean back, and light a cigarette, and there surprisingly before you is a window, and through the window you look surprised upon a tree. It leans with the wind, and changes with the light. You observe this, and are distracted by it, and when you do return to your work, you find it very difficult to resume. In this way any writer you can name has wasted energy hours enough to have dug at least a small canal.

But in our neighborhood you sometimes cannot see the trees for the squirrels. There are hundreds about here. No doubt they are a community luxury, like the new fountain at the corner. A committee of inquiry would discover that they impose a burden in excess of $2 per year on every man, woman and child in the village; an equally heavy per capita tax would build us another fountain.

I suppose they ought to be thinned out. They have unsightly nests of old leaves in all the trees, but that is not enough. When winter really settles into winter, they loosen the slates on our roofs, gnaw through the boards, and build new nests in our walls. Every fall the roof men stop up the holes and tighten the slates, but by midwinter there will be new holes in every roof. And then we cannot stop up the holes for obvious reasons. If you are to have squirrels in your walls, it is better to have them alive.

Bertram, the great naturalist and greater traveler, noted six varieties of tree squirrels in the southern colonies: red, fox, grey, black, black fox and black grey. Nowadays we recognize but three: red, grey and fox. The last two have Melanesian phases; I do not know whether the red squirrel does.

Those we have here are without exception greys. But their coats vary. Some have the soft smoke grey of the Siberian squirrel; others are almost as red brownish as the fox squirrels, and are sometimes confused with them, since they are of about the same size. But if the fringes of the tail seem transparent; if, in other words, the hairs are tipped with white, then you have a grey squirrel, and nothing else. There are other ways of telling greys from foxes, but this is simple enough and sure enough for anyone looking out a window. Now and then you see a black; he is a superb animal, and if you had the pelts of about 250 more like him, you would then have the materials of about as handsome a wrap as you would see in a walk through seven counties.

The locust tree is more than a hundred feet high. Directly across the street is an oak not much shorter. And the street is an avenue of such trees, tall oaks and elms and locusts. Some of them reach out over houses, and some stretch out across the street. When the leaves are gone, I have often seen a squirrel working among the higher branches of the locust, and I have seen him cross to the oak, and from that to the tops of other trees, high above roofs and streets, and as far as I could see him he would never have dropped lower, perhaps, than seventy feet above the ground. And there are always others working along the same or intersecting routes, a procession in the tree tops.

But they are not so eternally enterprising as our proverbs would indicate. They sleep a great deal, both morning and afternoon. Favorite hours, as with us, are between one and three thirty.

The squirrel who is building a nest in the cedar sleeps always on the lower branch of the locust, about half way out from the trunk. I think I can tell now when he comes up the big tree if he is ready for his nap. His movements then are lethargic and melancholy. He seems depressed in spirit as in body. He crawls half way out the limb, he closes his eyes, his head drops, the tail comes up slowly and curls upon his back. When he is ready to wake up, the tail comes down first, the eye opens and shuts, he stretches—it is the absolute truth—he stretches slowly and voluptuously. His eyes open again, he gathers himself up and walks wearily to the tip of the bough. He gives a half-hearted spring. You think he'll fail to make it this time, but he does make it. Sometimes there is a slip—he lands a little too far out on the cedar tip—the twig drops low, but even as it does he has been scrambling up, and is safely abough once more.

On very windy days he concedes something to the elements, and sleeps nearer the trunk of the tree, where there is less movement, and where the tips of a spruce, which is coming up rapidly beneath the old locust, will help to keep him warm. But if the wind should rise when he is already asleep he does not move. He drifts with the bough. All along he has known the good sense of the merchant Stein's advice, as reported by Captain Conrad. He has surrendered to his environment, and in surrendering, conquered over it. "In the destructive element immerse. . . ."

On Seeing Some Lines of Gaelic

These words are symbols that my heart must know,
And yet, my challenged brain numbs in their sight;
My eyes strain to possess them, still the flow
Of understanding will not lend its light
That I may read and make these lines my own,
That knowledge of this tongue may set me free
From that unfathomed longing I have known,
Nostalgia for an ancient poetry.

Yet I shall claim the language of my race,
The Gaelic heritage that is my due.
The strangers' speech must yield its sovereign place
To older accents that my fathers knew.
As from the runic stone it shall be wrung;
At last, the heart shall speak in its own tongue.

ELEANOR V. SCANNELL.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Most Reverend Georges Gauthier, Coadjutor Archbishop of Montreal, has ordered special Masses of thanksgiving in all the churches of the Archdiocese of Montreal on the occasion of the silver jubilee of George V of England. * * * At the world-wide plea for peace broadcast by five Princes of the Church on Holy Saturday a group from the choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music of New York sang the "Da Pacem" from the Mass for peace, the "Kyrie Orbis Factus" and the "Victimae Paschali" sequence for Easter. * * * The Holy Father has elevated Monsignor William J. Flynn, director general of the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, to the rank of Prothonotary Apostolic. * * * According to the Austrian Central Office for Statistics Catholics in Austria now number 6,116,150, or 90.6 percent of the population; the proportion in 1910 was 93.7 percent. The Austrian Ministry of Public Instruction has decreed that a central board of advice for all motion pictures shall be set up. Films will be passed on from the viewpoint of their "cultural value," "artistic quality," suitability for students and suitability for the rural population. * * * When the New York section of the American Chemical Society presented him with their highest honor, April 23, they hailed Reverend Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame, as a "soldier of science who daily risked his life in the laboratory." * * * In the last thirty years the Australian Catholic Truth Society has sold 6,000,000 pamphlets. * * * The Very Reverend Anselm Keefe, rector of St. Norbert College and president of the Rotary Club of West De Pere, Wisconsin, has resigned from the Rotary International because his protests against holding the Rotary convention in Mexico this summer were unavailing. * * * The *Catholic Worker* has attained a circulation of 110,000 for its May Day issue.

The Nation.—Captain Edwin C. Musick and his crew flew the twenty-ton Pan American Airways Clipper the 2,400 miles from San Francisco to Hawaii in 17 hours and 45 minutes (a record) and a week later brought it back against unfavorable winds and difficult flying conditions in just one minute less than 21 hours—the first round trip flight of a route of the flying clipper ships designed to give a commercial service between the United States, Hawaii, the Philippines and the Far East. * * * A new division of the National Emergency Council which is to act as a clearing-house for all applications under the new $5,000,000,000 work relief program was announced by the President. It is to be known as the Division of Applications and Information and will be headed by Frank C. Walker of New York and Montana. Mr. Walker will return to his former position as director of the National Emergency Council, supplanting Donald R. Richberg who, on his own request, will give all his time to the National Industrial Recovery Board, of which he is director. * * * Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, called to testify before the Senate Finance Committee on the proposal offered by committee Chairman Harrison on plans to pay the soldiers' bonus immediately, said that unless there was a "scrupulous adherence to the President's program" for the 1936 budget, which made no provision for such payment of the bonus, there would be widespread suffering. "A material decline in the market price of government securities, which would be very likely to result from large expenditures outside the budget," he said, "would work a grave injustice upon all purchasers of government securities, and would tend to slow up the whole recovery program." * * * A slight earthquake shook the tip of Cape Cod. * * * Representative Hamilton Fish, jr., accused the radio broadcasting station WHN of refusing to let him attack Lehman, Roosevelt and Farley. * * * Dr. Viljhalmur Stefansson stated in Pittsburgh that the Irish discovered America six or seven centuries before Columbus did. He described a paper written by an Irish monk in 820 telling of colonization of Iceland by the Irish and said that Vatican records show that the Pope made Greenland a separate bishopric in 1126, at which time Irish seafarers penetrated to the American mainland.

The Wide World.—Europe watched the effect of important parleys at Stresa and Geneva. A brief German note of protest denied that the Council of the League of Nations had the right to sit in judgment over the German people, averred that the action "constitutes an attempt to renew discrimination against Germany," and declared that the Hitler government reserved the right to make known its attitude toward the questions under discussion. The last statement was interpreted as signifying that the Germans were not barring the route to future negotiations. * * * Meanwhile difficulties kept France and Russia from underwriting the proposed security pact. The nature of the "snag" was not revealed, but correspondents gathered that the French had demanded the abandonment of Bolshevist propaganda efforts in and about Paris. The nationalist press attacked Soviet ideas and ideals in vigorous language. * * * King Boris III of Bulgaria proved his regal character by cooping up army officers who yearned to establish a dictatorship. After taking personal charge of nearly everything the country had to offer, he reaffirmed his decision to work for the establishment of a constitutional civil government. * * * A quake shook the Island of Formosa, Japan, on Easter Sunday, causing a known loss of life amounting to 3,045 persons. The town of Byoritau was almost completely demolished. Millions of dollars' worth of damage was done. * * * A protest was dispatched to Lithuania by the governments of France, Italy and Great Britain, acting as guarantors of the Statute of Memel. This makes provision for autonomous government in that province, which

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is largely inhabited by Germans. Controversy about Lithuania's observance of the statute led, among other things, to the recent mass trial of "Nazi agents," several of whom were given death sentences. * * * Adolf Hitler was forty-six years old on April 20. He was presented with what fell five short of a military plane for each year. Der Fuehrer gratefully endowed the fighting craft with individual and collective names derived from the most bloody pages of Nazi history, pausing on the way to Staaken air-field to receive the congratulations of his faithful people.

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Chinese Wars.—The evacuation of Chengtu, capital of the great western province of Szechwan, by most of the European and American residents has again directed attention to the civil war between the Kuomintang government of China and the Communist government which has been raging since 1927. Three Communist armies are now moving toward the center of Szechwan, from the north, from the south and from the east. The cause of their movement is disputed. Communist reports indicate that they are triumphal advances, overwhelming the opposing armies, creating a soviet socialist government, rallying the oppressed population, and integrating the Red power of China in the rich province of Szechwan, with its 70,000,000 population. The Nanking interpretation is that the Communists are being mopped up in all the provinces surrounding Szechwan and are necessarily retiring before the armies associated with General Chiang Kai-shek. However, it is indisputable that provincial armies in league with Nanking are opposing the Red advance as best they can on the three fronts, and that the national army is fighting the eastern invasion of Szechwan. Chiang Kai-shek himself is in neighboring Kweichow directing the war. He claims that his troubles (the most important to date is the withdrawal of the Twenty-ninth Division of the provincial force from the war) are caused by the discipline and reforms he is imposing upon the local leaders. He is trying to assert the authority of the central government upon war lords, and is attempting social and economic reform in the territory he can reach so that the populace will support him rather than the Communists. He is embarrassed by lack of funds for bribes and war material and by the reluctance of southeastern China to support his government generally, especially in its policy of dropping opposition to Japan.

Appraising the NRA.—Advance proofs of the Brookings Institution NRA study, soon to be published in book form, were sent, April 18, to the Senate Finance Committee, which is drafting the bill for the extension of the National Recovery Act. This comprehensive report declares that "no one can fail to approve certain general social objectives which were avowed in the act." It avers that the progress made under the NRA toward eliminating certain abuses in industrial employment and business practise was commended "rather widely on a social basis as distinct from group interest." Other achievements credited to the NRA include "the state of renewed hope and confidence ushered in by the Roosevelt administration," "crystallization of sentiment for the removal of economic and social abuses," and the accumulation of useful information. On the other hand "the one substantive effect of the codes is quite generally to allocate to private groups important powers which may be used to the disadvantage of the public." In general the Brookings report lists seven "basic defects" and proposes remedies which would tend to effect "a very widespread collapse of the code system." Compliance, supervisory and code machinery should be strengthened. Where code violations are frequent and general observance unlikely, codes should be eliminated. Code provisions that have proved obviously not administrable should likewise be eliminated. An adequate system of economic reporting and analysis should be set up. Codes should be made simpler, more standardized and more elastic. The administrative set-up of the NRA should be reorganized and code provisions should be modified to bring them "in line with clearly determined criteria of public policy." Because "socially damaging elements of special privilege" had been included to secure acceptance of some codes, the authors of the report anticipate formidable opposition to these changes.

Foreign Policy Association.—The annual report of the Foreign Policy Association covering the activities of the organization up to March tells of a powerful and persistent effort to expand the horizon of political and economic thought to the international sphere which affects our own politics and economics. In March the association had 12,358 members and 17 branches. Besides these branches there are affiliates and policy groups in regions where members would be too few to support regular branches. During the year these were established especially in the South. Research was conducted along three lines: the crisis in international institutions and the revival of pre-war diplomacy; foreign and international finance and economics; and foreign political developments. Particular subjects were selected because of their current importance and were treated with the maximum impartiality and scholarship, and the results of the research were made as widely available as possible. A Washington bureau is maintained to gather information and to retail it among people connected with the government. A special project during the year was the Commission on Cuban Affairs which published the book, "Problems of the New Cuba." The association cooperates with other somewhat parallel organizations and with them publishes "World Affairs Pamphlets" and forms Foreign Policy Committees to promote certain programs. Enormous publicity is sometimes gained through this cooperation. One of the pamphlets, "America Must Choose," by Henry A. Wallace, was perhaps the most widely read pamphlet of the year. The special topic of the past year was economic nationalism.

What's Next?—Improving business in 1934 and the first quarter of 1935 was reported in a variety of speeches at the American Newspaper Publishers' Association at its forty-ninth annual convention. No speaker reported

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bad business. A note of compromise in the struggle between the newspapers and the radio as agencies for the prompt dissemination of news was sounded by F. A. Miller of the South Bend *Tribune*. "Radio will never supplant the newspaper," he said, "but the relationship between radio and the newspapers is very close. Radio rounds out the opportunity of the newspaper to furnish news to its readers. Radio bulletins increase the desire for further news." William C. Deming of the Cheyenne *Tribune-Leader* said that it seemed to him that the country's newspapers were becoming too standardized through using the same news services, comics and features. What appeared to be a majority of speakers on the subject favored greater use of color printing in advertising. The chairman of the convention, E. H. Harris, publisher of the Richmond, Indiana, *Palladium-Item,* urged publishers of smaller newspapers to dare to be different from the great metropolitan dailies. "A man who lives in a rented apartment in a metropolitan center cares little or nothing about what his neighbors are doing, while in the smaller communities and on the farm the average individual has a very real interest in his neighbors and his friends. The intrinsic difference between the small and the larger newspaper, it seems, is to be found at the point where neighborly interests lose their reader value."

Who Said It?—On January 12, 1935, the Washington *Post* deplored editorially that American isolationists did not respect an "opinion of George Washington's," to wit: "When, our institutions having been consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultations held by foreign states for the advantage of the nations." Senator Borah read the editorial, grew sceptical, and ordered a search for the quotation. It was found that the *Post* writer had used an article written fourteen years ago by Professor Horace M. Kallen. Then, on February 22, the Senator put into the *Congressional Record* his remarks on the matter, charging that the words attributed to Washington had been "forged for a purpose." At this Professor Kallen took offense. During the course of an exchange of letters with Mr. Borah, it was pointed out that the quotation had been attributed to Washington by Edwin D. Mead in 1903 and again in 1913. A prior use had been made by the Honorable Richard Olney in an address at Harvard University in 1898. Mr. Olney declared that he was assured by an "authority of the highest character" that these were the real sentiments of the Father of his country. Senator Borah persisted, however, in terming the quotation a forgery, and refused to add anything to his original statement. For his part, Professor Kallen turned over the whole correspondence file to the press. But the important thing remains—did Washington identify himself with the opinion attributed to him?

Combating Anti-Semitism.—Has the American Jewish campaign against Hitlerism been a success? Writing in the current Menorah *Journal,* Mr. Louis Minsky answers strongly in the negative, thus enabling one to see how profound are the differences of opinion inside the Jewish group. He accuses the "aggressivists" of having made matters worse than they were before. "This emphasis upon the anti-Semitic character of the Hitler menace and the Jewish counteractive effort actually precipitated a dangerous situation. It fostered the general impression of a private feud between Hitler and the Jews; . . . it imbued American Christians with the conviction that the Jews and their private feuds were a nuisance. But most important, this sort of strategy was the poorest possible approach to an amelioration of the situation of the Jews in Germany itself. The fact that of all their manifold promises the Nazis are now carrying through only their promise regarding the interdiction of the Jews is sufficient proof of this, that of all public opinion abroad they care least about Jewish public opinion. Furthermore, the fact that the Nazis capitulated to world-wide protest against the regimentation of the Christian Church under Mueller is also a measure of proof that, while Jewish opinion does not count, aroused Christian opinion still carries weight even with the barbarians of Germany. Events indeed have proved that the sole result of public Jewish agitation and retaliation has been both to harden the Nazis against the Jews in Germany and to intensify their propaganda activities against the Jews in other countries." One especial fact is stressed by Mr. Minsky: "A bristling wall of hostility between German-Americans and Jews has been created which is likely to have its effects for many years to come."

An Interesting Publisher.—Of the late Bishop Bares, whose stalwart leadership saw Berlin Catholics through recent evil days and whose loss is a tragic one, a friend records that he was fond of French spiritual writers, admiring their sanity and élan. Twelve years ago, a tall, handsome, enthusiastic young Frenchman started a modest Catholic publishing business, with the hope of steering a middle course between the unutterable banalities of the *bonne presse* and the aloofness of the specialists and the reactionaries. He named the firm Éditions Spes, and is now able to publish a small brochure outlining what has been done. There is good, four-square pride of achievement—and well there might be. From the lists of books included one can divine, for example, the manifold aspects of French Catholic social effort in our time, in so far as this has envisaged the State, the family, the worker, the industrialist and the peasant. There are, for example, the marvelous little "radio sermons" of Père Coulet, most of them as simple and to the point as they are sound. In the realm of more spiritual literature, one finds the Conférences of Notre-Dame, beginning with the remarkably original and stirring ones delivered by Père Sanson (oratory which will some day rank with Lacordaire and Fénelon), and continuing through the soundly dogmatic discourses of Père Pinard de la Bouillaye. Nor has Éditions Spes neglected any other department of literature—such novels as Malègue's extraordinary "Augustin," such essays as Franc-Nohain's "Art de Vivre." It is all a splendid, robust achievement to which the future will, we are certain, add many another good deed.

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A Friend of Don Bosco.—Word has been received in this country of the recent death of the Reverend Stephen Trione, S. C., at an advanced age. When he was only a boy of ten, Father Trione went to the Oratory of Don Bosco at Turin, and remained with the founder of the Salesians for twenty years. When Don Bosco died in 1888, Father Rua, his first successor, appointed Father Trione to be Procurator of the Cause; he continued to be one of the prime factors in Don Bosco's beatification and canonization. He was later entrusted with the causes of other illustrious members of the Congregation of the Society of St. Francis de Sales. One of them, Dominic Savio, has already been declared Venerable. It is not difficult to imagine the joy of Father Trione when Don Bosco was canonized by the Holy Father on Easter Sunday, 1934, amid scenes of unparalleled splendor. Although he felt his life's work was completed, he had one more request to make of his former superior. He prayed that he might die on one of the anniversaries of his canonization. This year, on the very first anniversary and at the very hour that Pius XI had read the decree declaring Don Bosco a Saint of God, Father Trione was called to his eternal reward.

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The Wagner-Connery Bill.—On April 21, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, called a meeting of representatives of all national and international unions, State Federations of Labor and city central bodies to press for the passage of the Wagner-Connery Labor Disputes Bill, and also the thirty-hour bill and other proposed legislation affecting labor. He claimed that the meeting, scheduled for April 29, was to represent directly 6,000,000 workmen, and indirectly 10,000,000 more. The Wagner bill is sharply attacked from both the Right and the Left, and the present attitude of the administration toward it is unclear. Communists claim it is another phase of the National Run Around, which would saddle company unions on the workers, confuse them in the tedious red tape of legalism so that action would always be put off until tomorrow, and establish a Fascist restriction upon organizing and striking. Conservatives say it would force workers into unions they don't really want, deny them the right of dealing with their employers as they please, put industry in an impossible position before union and government bureaucracy, and, besides, would not work. The main features of the bill are the prohibition of company financial support of unions, the provision that only one union in a shop can make collective bargains, the assurance of government-conducted elections in plants, and the constitution of a disputes board for labor-manager controversies.

Plight of the Textile Industry.—While governmental reports of new highs for general industrial activity, factory employment and payrolls, and farm and food prices were giving rise to a wave of moderate spring optimism, the nation's textile industry began sending up distress signals. April 14, two days after a delegation of governors from Northeastern States had conferred with the President, Governor Curley of Massachusetts declared that "unless government aid is given the textile industry at once, not a spindle will be turning in New England in six months." The general average for wholesale prices rose from 73.3 to 79.9 during the year, but the index of textile prices dropped from 75.5 to 68.8. During March, 1935, operations in the cotton-spinning industry declined to 92.9 percent of capacity on a single shift basis, as compared with 100.2 the month before and 102.9 in March, 1934. In a statement inserted in the *Congressional Record,* April 18, George A. Sloan, chairman of the Cotton Textile Code Authority, testified that since August, 1934, 71 textile mills had shut down and had not reopened. Cotton mills were employing 33,000 less workers last month than in March, 1934. Processing taxes amounting to $185,000,000, or 40 percent of the total paid to employees, have been paid during the twenty months the tax has been in force. Mr. Sloan also complained that Japanese bleached fabric prints imported into this country would "equal more than 25 percent of the goods of that type produced in this country." To consider these immediate problems and to draw up long-range future plans President Roosevelt appointed a special Cabinet committee composed of Secretaries Hull, Wallace, Roper and Perkins. The committee will also devote special attention to the wage differentials between North and South—said to be as high as $2.56 a week—and the effect of the price of raw cotton on domestic consumption of cotton goods. It will also consider the obsolescence of industrial plants and foreign trade possibilities.

Social Security.—On April 19, the House of Representatives passed the Social Security Bill by a vote of 372-33. In two days 40 out of 42 proposed amendments to the bill were defeated, including all the more extreme ones submitted by the Left and all the limiting ones offered by the Right. The bill sent to the Senate is full of typically astounding New Deal figures. The federal government would collect in accordance with the plan for state aid old age annuity benefits (benefits range from $15 to $85 a month beginning in 1942 in accordance with the amount contributed by the beneficiary) a sum of $278,800,000 in 1937, and this would range up to $1,877,200,000 by 1950. Payroll and income taxes would be the source of funds. For the unemployment insurance the national government would collect in a like manner $228,000,000 in 1937, and this would rise by 1951 to $906,000,000. The exise on payrolls would start at 1 percent and be raised until it became 3 percent. The Federal Treasury would also furnish states $100,000,000 a year for special old age relief for the indigent, for maternal and child care and for vocational rehabilitation work. It is expected that by 1970 the Treasury would have a fund of $32,900,000,000 as a reserve against the annuity scheme. Reserves not currently needed for the aged and unemployed would be invested in 3-percent government obligations, even if special obligations had to be created for the purpose of holding the money. It is intended that these obligations would replace present federal bonds and notes.

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OPERA AND THE SCREEN

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Signor Gatti's Farewell

WHEN Mme. Kirsten Flagstad sang the two post-season performances of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza's long consulship as General Manager of the world's most famous operatic organization came finally to an end. Signor Gatti has always been a man of deeds rather than words, and it was characteristic of him that he should have given as an answer to certain critics who have recently been assailing the artistic standards of his twenty-seven years in New York, two of the most magnificent performances of the Wagerian festival play that New York had ever seen. And in giving them Signor Gatti must have smiled to himself his quiet, saturnine, ironic smile, that smile which the few persons who knew him well felt to be so peculiarly a part of his being.

I do not intend to go into an analysis of Mme. Flagstad's Kundry. It is sufficient for the purposes of the present article to say that it was worthy of her Isolde and her Sieglinde; that it was sung with superb opulence of tone, impeccable musicianship, passion, taste; that it was acted magnificently. It placed her firmly among the half-dozen truly great Wagnerian singer-actresses of history. Admirable too were the Parsifal of Lauritz Melchior, the Gurnemanz of Emanuel List, the Klingsor of Gustav Schuetzendorf, and the chorus and orchestra were equally excellent. It was Signor Gatti's farewell—and what a magnificent farewell!

The criticisms which have recently been leveled at Signor Gatti-Casazza's régime at the Metropolitan have been singularly lacking in balance, and they seem as if written by persons who have little knowledge of what opera is and has been. Opera has never been an art which stands on its own feet, nor is it, despite the great works which have adorned its history, the highest type of music. This doesn't mean that certain works of the operatic repertory have not reached the heights, but as a whole opera always has been and is an art of artistic compromise, an art which, with the possible exception of the Italians, has appealed to the few, and been supported by aristocratic and social patronage. This has been particularly true in America. We have had no native operatic composers who have ever counted, and therefore no native school of opera, and the great mass of our people have been utterly uninterested in operatic performances.

Opera, then, in America has been entirely a thing of a few companies, and particularly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, which, because of the wealth behind it, has always been able to bring to its ranks the leading artists of the world. This was the organization, a little down at the heel for the moment, which Signor Gatti found when he took charge of its destinies in 1908. He refurbished it, and as soon as given complete control made it pay and pay well. Under his egis the Metropolitan has been for at least twenty-five years the leading opera house in the world, and if the performances at times seemed mechanical, they could scarcely have been otherwise, owing to the necessity of giving each subscriber only one performance of any opera.

What it comes down to is that his critics have blamed Signor Gatti for not revolutionizing opera as an art, and of making it a vital element in American life. This is surely a tall order! The number of operas by American composers he presented proves that he searched hard enough for a native operatic genius. That he failed to find any such genius was not his fault—they simply hadn't been born. But what he did do in giving the best in the standard repertory is worthy of high praise, as was his continuous search for novelties and half-forgotten works. These he gave well and sumptuously. Think of the artists who appeared under his direction. I won't speak of Caruso or Geraldine Farrar, for they were in New York when Signor Gatti arrived, but there were Destinn, Amato, Bori, Jeritza, Pinza, Schorr, Flagstad and twenty others, and in his early years there was Arturo Toscanini in the conductor's stand. Perhaps he didn't encourage American scenic artists to any marked degree, but many of his more recent productions were scenically very beautiful. When he took charge, the palmy days of opera were already over—the great composers of the lyric stage were either dead or nearing death, and musical genius no longer flamed in the hearts of youth. But he carried on the old tradition as effectively as it could be carried on, and that we have now entered into another era is no reason for us to deny him the praise that is his due. Giulio Gatti-Casazza is one of the great impresarios of operatic history.

Cardinal Richelieu

GEORGE ARLISS is apparently so content with being George Arliss that he has small desire to be anything else. He has been Rothschild, and Disraeli, and the Duke of Wellington, and now he is Richelieu. At least he looks like the great Cardinal, which he didn't in the case of the Iron Duke, and his performance will be liked by all who like George Arliss. Of course he makes his effects always in the selfsame way, and he lacks the power of Richelieu, even though he has the subtlety. Bulwer-Lytton's old play is, however, so tailored by Cameron Rogers and Maude Howell that the scenes requiring vocal or emotional power have been softened and Mr. Arliss gets away with them. His fellow actors are more or less successful. Maureen O'Sullivan has charm and beauty as Lenore, Violet Cooper is excellent as Queen Marie, and Douglas Dumbrille moderately effective as Barads. There was humor but little distinction in Edward Arnold's Louis XIII, and Cesar Romero was a wooden and utterly unaristocratic Andre DePons. It does seem a pity that the movies with all the wealth of resource should have accomplished but a tailor-made job of it with the figure of Cardinal Richelieu. It is a run-of-the-mill picture, and one which is workmanlike enough, yet utterly lacking in imagination. (At the Radio City Music Hall.)

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Communications

A PLAN FOR MEXICO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: It is too bad that the well-thought-out "Plan for Mexico" which Mr. Murray outlined in THE COMMONWEAL is in practise (owing to the *Realpolitik* nature and mentality of American and Mexican governmental policy and policy-makers) incapable of execution, either in its entirety, or in any of its parts.

Americans who sympathize with the suffering mass of the Mexican people have petitioned and, in some instances, demanded their government take action to bring about a cessation of the religious persecution in Mexico.

Specifically, the President of the United States has been desired by a large number of American citizens to: (1) recall the Mexican government to its "senses," i. e., by pointing out the barbaric nature of their policy denying the right of liberty of conscience, and the unfavorable effect such a policy is having on the minds of the people of the United States; (2) recall Ambassador Daniels; (3) remove the arms embargo; (4) intervene, by forceful methods, in order to prevent a quasi-communistic state from entrenching itself at our very border.

Now, one has only to devote a little time to the study of the Mexican question as seen with the eyes of the President and the Secretary of State of the United States, the formulators of our foreign policy, to realize that (1) there will be no remonstrance made to the Mexican Ambassador; (2) Ambassador Daniels will not be recalled (unless he joins the National Revolutionary party, thereby expatriating himself and, ipso facto, rendering his recall unnecessary); (3) the arms embargo will not be removed; (4) there will be no intervention.

The "good neighbors" policy will be adhered to, in toto. Our export trade with Latin America—the only external market of sufficient magnitude that can dissipate the industrial doldrums here, and that can be secured without war—can only be the thing the administration foresees it will be, so long as Uncle Sam walks softly and keeps a tight grip on the olive branch. Mexico's sister republics of the Western Hemisphere are watching to see if the "good neighbor," before his metamorphosis the Colossus of the North, has any of the old big brother complex still lurking in his make-up. Hence, the why and wherefore of what the Brooklyn *Tablet* calls "the official Washington silence"—a silence that will be maintained.

There are only two conceivable ways to bring about a *volte-face*. One is a foray by the Red Shirts of Señor Canabal across the Rio Grande in the quixotic hope of reclaiming Mexico irredenta, i. e., Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The other would necessitate the organizing and pledging of American sympathizers of Mexico Dolorosa, in sufficient numbers, to constitute a voting bloc capable of defeating President Roosevelt at the next presidential election. Both ways are utterly improbable.

What then? Can nothing be done? Must the children of Mexico continue to tread the paths of atheism, beflowered though they are with gymnasia, swimming pools, etc.? Something can be done. There is a way to help. The Cristeros are making a gallant effort in some fourteen Mexican states to destroy Callism. Soon the revolt of justice, too long oppressed, will be nation-wide in scope. The Mexican army and police are not the one-time vaudeville butts of other years. Defections from their well-paid, well-drilled, well-armed ranks, in any great numbers, are unlikely. Military supplies for the federal forces will be had in abundance. Calles's foresight in agreeing with the Morrow suggestion of a "steady stream of gold" to pay holders of Mexican bonds their interest, a "stream" continued to this day, has given his régime an excellent credit rating with the armaments firms in the United States.

The Cristeros, embargo notwithstanding, will obtain the sinews of war, gun-running not being a dead art, provided they have at their command—what the opponents have—credit or its equivalent, money. Now, if everyone who feels or cares about this impending conflict will contribute what they can to ensure victory, then "Viva Cristo Rey" will become the heartfelt cry of a Mexico exultant and thanksgiving. If the material support from well-wishers—such as was given ten and fifteen years ago to Ireland in her darkest hour, by American Catholics, Protestants and Jews—should not be forthcoming, then it is well-nigh impossible for the Cristeros to succeed in their object, i. e., the overthrow of the National Revolutionary party.

Catholic publications in the main, and other organs of expression sympathetic with an oppressed people, must start the ball rolling, with this concrete object in view: the creation of a fund, set up by voluntary subscription, and held in trust by nationally reputable laymen—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and non-religionist. The fund to be held at the disposal of the accredited representatives of the Mexican people in arms, in order that success may be achieved in their efforts to restore to the people of Mexico their God-given rights. This plan's direct precedent was a success in the Irish instance. Representatives of Dail Eireann—in the eyes of British authority and American authority a revolutionary junta—came to this country, and utilized the funds provided by a sympathetic public, without which the Anglo-Irish war could not have been sustained. I repeat, if the Cristeros are backed up by those who have expressed lip sympathy in this country, they will win. If they have no reserve to draw on, then the uprising will dwindle from a national revolt to sporadic guerilla warfare—barren of hope.

Now, turning toward Chapultepec Palace, what do we find is the predominating policy? It is this: "The modus vivendi of 1929 was a mistake; it has clogged the progress of the Revolution; the time is past for any authority in the State, material or spiritual, other than the State. Religion, where it cannot be extirpated, must be incessantly sniped at, and harried, and the last hope of Catholicism—the children—must by every artifice be weaned to the cause of a godless Mexico."

That is the mentality of the powers that be in Mexico. That mentality will not change should Calles die. The very lives of the Sonora gang depend on the maintenance

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of the tenor. Their records are too bloody to promise any hope that a victory by the persecuted would usher in an era of "Let bygones be bygones." The fear complex dominates their every act. They must kill or be killed.

The irony of suggestions like, "A conference of the bishops and leaders of the National Revolutionary party, to see what can and what cannot be accepted by the Church in the 1917 Constitution," and "A 1935 Dwight Morrow could patch up differences and cause a reversion to the spirit of 1929," is obvious, in view of the mentality of Calles and Co.

A good plan of yours, Mr. Murray, but unfortunately one incapable of application.

CHARLES HUGH DILLON.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL for March 29, Mr. Paul V. Murray offers "A Plan for Mexico," in which he reveals his earnest and sincere desire to contribute something effective toward the solution of a problem whose seriousness needs no emphasizing.

The first step toward the solution of a problem is to state its terms. What are the factors involved in the Mexican problem? First, we have a minority group determined upon establishing a complete governmental control of all the activities and beliefs of the people. In this endeavor this minority group is actuated by a determination not to compromise in any manner with the subject of religion. Religions other than Catholic are too minute a fraction of the whole even to be seriously considered, so that when we say Catholic we mean the religion of the people of Mexico. The men in the government have decreed laws limiting the numbers of clergy to be permitted to exercise their calling to proportions so ridiculously small as to be self-evidently intended to extinguish altogether the entire body of the clergy. They have decreed laws making it impossible for the people to practise freely their religion. Innumerable details in the policies of the minority group now in control of Mexico might be cited to show that it is unalterably determined to drive religion from Mexico altogether, and that it is by its announced intentions determined to establish an iron-clad control over the activities and consciences and thoughts of the people. Second, the men in control of the government in Washington, influenced by certain of their constituents as well as personal prejudices, have shown a determined intention to promote and defend the interests of that Mexican minority group, even to the extent, whenever necessary, of lending the armed forces of the United States, and supplying war material gratis.

Even if the Mexican hierarchy were willing to stultify themselves to the extent of treating seriously with the minority faction now in control of Mexico, on its so-called Six-Year Plan or any other subject, there is no assurance whatever that any agreement arrived at would be respected by that minority group. This is made certain by the cynical refusal to keep the terms of the agreement made with the Mexican clergy in May, 1929, which was no sooner made than it was utterly ignored by the same men now in control of the Mexican government.

So far as any social planning is concerned, the Mexican bishops and Mexican Catholic laymen and clergy long ago demonstrated their abilities to plan and conduct such activities to the benefit of the people successfully without injury to third parties.

In fact, there is sufficient evidence that the Mexican people could establish and conduct a civilized and satisfactory government if only permitted to do so by the United States government. It would be facilitated greatly if the United States government would raise the embargo on arms, but this is not an indispensable requisite. What is indispensable is an assurance that the United States government will remain neutral and will give positive assurance that it will not in any way, diplomatic or by force of arms or by any other means, give aid or comfort or assistance to the minority group now in control, nor in any manner interfere with the efforts of the people of Mexico to recover their liberties. If the people of Mexico can receive this assurance, the Mexican problem will settle itself, and there will be no need for American Catholics or college presidents or newspaper editors to take any other action than to see that such assurances are genuine; are kept strictly and honestly. To obtain such assurances and exercise such vigilance does not require any understanding with the Mexican hierarchy, and need not compromise them in any way.

All that American Catholics need to do is to see to it, by means already in their possession, that their representatives in Congress are given to understand by frequent letters that the Catholic people of the United States are determined that their government shall not any longer use its diplomatic influences, its military forces, and its political machinery, to aid in any way the men that are now tyrannizing over Mexico. Let Mr. Daniels remain in Mexico, if he wishes; let the recognition of the present Mexican régime remain as it is, but only in the abstract, if blindness to fundamental principles of right prevent seeing a way to its withdrawal. If the politicians in the United States refuse to let the respectability of Mexico openly buy arms in the United States, after permitting the murdering bandits now in control of Mexico to buy them, let the obloquy of their contumacy remain a record in history to shame their descendants, and a warning to all Latin America of the latent hostility in the United States to all that the Latin Americans hold most sacred. If they insist upon letting this embargo remain, let them at least be consistent and refuse arms to the gangsters who are now inflicting upon Mexico a tyranny as intolerable as any ever known in history.

Instead of advising the Mexican hierarchy what to do, it would seem much more fitting first to ascertain what they wish to have done, and by whom; then cooperate wholeheartedly therewith.

I believe the greatest service American Catholics can render Mexico at the moment is to procure with all diligence the broad dissemination of the truth about it. This can best be done by promoting as widely as possible the distribution of Bishop Kelley's book, "Blood-drenched Altars," which I have just finished documenting.

EBER COLE BYAM.

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MISSIONS OF SPANISH FLORIDA

Spring Hill, Ala.

TO the Editor: Among the several meticulous exceptions to minor details in THE COMMONWEAL'S (March 29, 1935) otherwise good review of Father Kenny's dramatic and revealing reconstruction of our early history and its Catholic foundations in the "Romance of the Floridas," there is one statement that calls for correction: "The assertion that 'Brother Báez has . . . the distinction of being the first to reduce to written . . . form a native language of North America' is shattered by the author's mention of earlier works of several Dominicans."

The earlier works in native languages by Father Cancer, Bishop Marroquín, Fathers de Feria and Annunciación, and other missionaries mentioned in the first part of the "Romance" had all been made from Central and South American dialects. Truly Brother Domingo Augustin Báez has the historic distinction of being the first to compose a grammar in a native dialect of North America, and also the only one in our territory "who set religious instructions in Indian verse." Brother Báez had been given this distinction previously by other historians. Woodbury Lowery in "The Spanish Settlements," II, page 349, states that the grammar and catechism which Brother Báez had prepared in Yamasee at Santa Elena, S. C., 1569, was "the first instance of the reduction to a system of one of our native languages."

Your reviewer is impressed with the "color and dramatic power" of the "Romance," but it has greater merits as the first complete and authentic history of foundational Catholic achievement in United States territory. My attention was first directed to this fact by Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, pathfinder in Spanish borderland history of the Southwest. Addressing the convention of American Historical Societies in Washington last December, Dr. Bolton twice made laudatory comment on the "Romance of the Floridas" and indicated that students of Spanish achievement in North America might well begin their studies in that field with "Father Kenny's charming book."

I find further that Dr. James A. Robertson, dean of Spanish Floridian scholars, gives even higher praise in his Foreword to the erudite author who "has caught admirably the spirit and psychology of the time" and "has brought to his public the stirring story of the first continuing European settlement in territory now a part of the United States, with the animosities kindled by differences of race and religion. . . . All these are told simply and interestingly by an author who knows how to write and who appreciates the apparatus of history. . . ."

When Protestant experts can so speak and write of a history that rebuilds and illustrates the essential Catholic contributions to our material and cultural foundations, it is time that American Catholics familiarize themselves with this picturesque pageant of high romance that is Catholic Spain's contribution to the glamorous annals of American history.

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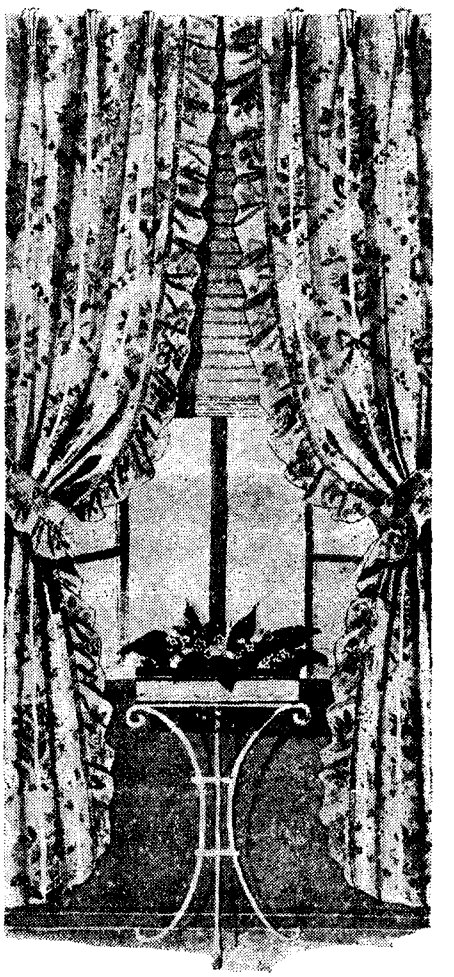

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Next Week

OUR DIPLOMACY AND MEXICO, by William Franklin Sands, disagrees with a growing assumption in France that official United States relations with Mexico have been anti-Catholic. One of the reasons proposed in the foreign press, says Mr. Sands, why our government is anti-Catholic, is that Protestant mission boards have successfully been able to urge this attitude for their own purposes; another is, that American diplomats are supposed to have affiliations with Masonic Lodges and, it is assumed, are vowed to undermine the Church. Mr. Sands writes, "As a very old timer in American diplomacy, I can say, and say it stoutly, that in the main it has been honest, even when it has been unpractical and visionary, or uninformed, or definitely unintelligent. As far as government is concerned, it has never been anti-Catholic." He is not so sure about the average of our diplomats nor about the correctness of popular opinion on them . . . QUADRICENTENNIAL OF URSULINES, by Mother M. Agatha, recalls the founding and subsequent circumstances of the first religious community dedicated primarily to the education of young girls. It was of this order that Pope Paul III said, on reading its constitution, "The finger of God is here," and turning to Ignatius Loyola, "I have given you sisters." . . . AS IT AFFECTS YOU, by LeGarde S. Doughty, considers that "there is no more need to see the poet as a member of an eccentric clique" than there is to look upon a cook as a peculiarity. The writer claims that both give things necessary to growth and because a person has no skill in execution, he should not be disposed to avoid the enjoyment of the good foods provided . . . MONEY'S CHALLENGE TO REASON, by Hamilton Steele, finds the confusion in financial affairs to be due to a Babel of tongues springing from misunderstandings. He proposes a convention of philosphers to define first principles which can be generally accepted and which can be made the basis of orderly improvements as much desired by bankers as by paupers and politicians.

Books

A Row of Spring Novels

CONFRONTED by a row of fourteen novels, one is moved to meditation on the subject of book jackets. The bindings underneath are gay and interesting, some even distinguished, but the jackets, like ugly pinafores, produce an effect of cheapness and mediocrity. Only one challenges attention, and that upon inspection proves to be "designed by Roger Fry, and printed in England at the Cambridge University Press." One's opinion of "Mount Peacock" is at once favorably prejudiced, and the volume being doubly attractive because of its small size receives immediate attention.

"Mount Peacock," by Marie Mauron (Macmillan. $1.75), is properly speaking not a novel at all, but a series of related sketches, gently satirizing the civil procedures and governmental red tape of a Provençal village where the narrator has assumed the double responsibility of school mistress and mayor's secretary. The essays are amusing and readable, although one may faintly resent the scant reverence for things religious, but the book will never do for Provence what Hudson's "Abbé Pierre" so admirably does for Gascony.

"Artemis, Fare Thee Well," an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication (Little, Brown. $2.00), is a languid tale by Helena Carus with its setting in ancient Greece. A "zest for anthropology" is not a major requirement of a novelist, and obstetrical details, however delicately Greek, are after all nothing more than obstetrical. The sentimental Froebelian mother motif, moreover, accords oddly with the emphasis upon Dionysan and Demetrian rites. Although Mrs. Carus presents a rich background of Greek life, the decadent symbolism makes the book dubious reading for its only probable audience, that of young students of Greek culture.

If young Barbara Lucas, just twenty-one when "Stars Were Born" was written (Harper. $2.00), can surmount the handicap of being granddaughter and niece respectively of such celebrities as Alice Meynell and E. V. Lucas, we shall yet hear from her. "Stars Were Born" owes much to the "Constant Nymph," but it has definitely a brisk, staccato style of its own. Rather casual as to plot, with dialogue sometimes merely amusing and sometimes illuminating, the story does hold the reader's attention and the characters arouse his sympathies. Miss Lucas is very young and a product of her times, but she may with maturing gifts achieve more of the good taste and understatement of her distinguished family. The younger generation affects overmuch realism and frankness; remembering the lasting fragrance of "Renouncement," however, we may well believe that restraint is still a constant among survival values.

The name of Frank H. Spearman attracts attention because one recalls that he has just received from Notre Dame University the Laetare medal of 1935 for his distinction as a Catholic layman, as well as for his contribution to American letters. Those who enjoy "Westerns" will like "Gunlock Ranch" (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00).

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It can, moreover, be conscientiously recommended to youthful readers, in itself no mean achievement.

"The Virgin's Brand," by Leo Perutz, translated from the German by E. B. G. Stamper and E. M. Hodgson (Dutton. $2.50), is a weird psychological tale recording the mental experiences of a young doctor in the realm of the subconscious whither he had been hurled by an automobile. There is a wish-fulfilment motif, and a bit of monarchistic legend, and a faint echo of the *Internationale* for good measure, all of which conspires to give the reader an interested if somewhat bewildered hour. "The Virgin's Brand" by the way is, of all things, corn-blight, adding a final fantastic touch.

In "Land of Promise," Leo Lania has succeeded in painting a most moving picture of post-war Germany. The book is translated from the German by R. Henry (Macmillan. $2.50). Like "All Quiet on the Western Front," the story moves one to great compassion for the tragic vicitims of war's brutality. Sordid and ugly reading it is, but the facts are set forth in so detached and dispassionate a manner that one feels the writer to be recording only terrible truths. It is a book to make us think. The reader cannot but contemplate with pity the heavy burden the Jew must bear, and he must believe that of all the punishment laid upon man for his sins, war, the self-inflicted, is the very greatest.

A novel which requires to be read at one sitting even though Rome burns is "One Light Burning," by R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50). An extraordinarily compelling story is this; a story with deep, spiritual overtones; with descriptive passages so powerful that the eye cannot travel fast enough to satisfy the mind's suspense; and a love story withal that makes one ache with sympathy. Decidedly, this is a book to read. The passage describing Andrew Wild's terrible journey across the white hell of the Stavonoi mountains in pitiless cold, dragging the dead weight of his fallen friend, will live in the reader's memory for many and many a day.

For readers surfeited with complexes, neuroses, and other Freudian phenomena, Margaret Thomsen Raymond's "A Bend in the Road" will come as a welcome relief (Longmans, Green. $2.00). The story concerns itself with commonplace every-day young people and their problems, personal and industrial. There is enough of a love story to lend romantic interest and enough ordinary heroism to bolster one's faith in the much-criticized "younger generation." The book should interest high-school readers and can be heartily recommended for that audience.

"Arden Acres," by Jessica Nelson North, has all the ingredients necessary for a good novel, but it somehow does not materialize (Harcourt. $2.00). There are plenty of characters, but they have no common denominator. If there is a heroine, it is "Gram," the aged grandmother and only unifying element in a large and disparate family. She unbelievably deserts her post toward the end of the story, and the rest of the tale slowly expires. There are passages quite extraneous to the plot which, unlike honest anti-Catholicism, suggest instead a sudden extension of the lingual appendage.

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H. E. Bates is a young English short-story writer who now tries his hand at the novel in a story called, "The Poacher" (Macmillan. $2.50). The rich flavor of the old English countryside is here and a considerable degree of interest and excitement, but there is a lack of compactness, due to the fact that the story is spread out scantily over four generations without enough detail to hold it together. The reader is conscious of great gaps in the structure and, because the tale ends on an unresolved chord, he lays the book down with a feeling of faint dissatisfaction. There is, however, sufficient evidence that young Mr. Bates is a good story-teller, and his subsequent novels will no doubt improve in technique.

Prefaced by the cryptic line, "The Federation of the Danubian States, the characters and the events in this story probably will be fictitious," "Destiny's Man," by T. F. Tweed, proceeds in prophetic vein (Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50). Mr. Tweed, whose previous novel, "Gabriel over the White House," attracted considerable attention, has again written an unusual and arresting book. The reader wavers between sympathy and exasperation according to his religious and political tenets, but no one can fail to find the ideas challenging. The Church gets the worst of it in Mr. Tweed's plans for regeneration, even though his philosophy appears to be underlying Catholicism with a superstructure of pantheism. His program is sound enough ethically, although of dubious validity, and it will do no harm to warn a dull and selfish world against "spiritual nihilism." But in the last analysis, if the nations of the world want peace they do not need a new Messiah. Let them listen to the One they have.

"One Breath," by Patrick Carleton, is powerful, primitive, vulgar and insistently animal, and the story of the "Consuelo Menagerie" is driven forward through four generations by a series of vigorous impulses (Dutton. $2.50). Mr. Carleton's style, richly imaginative and fertile in description, is touched here and there by faint suggestions of Gertrude Stein. The odd hyphenated-verb locutions, however, borrowed from Middle English are reminiscent of "Beowulf"; in fact, the whole tale with its insistent theme of purely animal strength, courage and cruelty, reminds one of primitive folk-lore. It is a great pity that such vigor and freshness of style should go to the making of a book much of which must be offensive to many readers. Man is not all animal, and there is incompleteness in any human record that reads only like the marginalia of a stud-book.

There are in this broad country thousands of women who approach the librarian's desk with a plaintive request for something light. Well, Anne Green's "That Fellow Perceval" is it (Dutton. $2.50). Nothing could be lighter. The scene is France and the characters American expatriates. If such people actually do exist, which seems highly improbable, they would certainly be doing their native land a service by remaining out of it.

The last of the fourteen books, "The House in St. Cloud," by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, is a kind of mild mystery story, light, but readable (McBride. $2.00). Suspense is well sustained, and the dialogue is entertain-

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ing. It is a pleasure, moreover, to find a book dealing with the eternal triangle, in which old-fashioned honor rather than individual "rights" is the motive for conduct. This book can safely be placed on the high school lists. To return like a sonata to the original theme, why on earth so incredibly ugly and misleading a jacket should encase so innocuous a novel is a question to ponder.

BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

Soviet Siberia

I Speak for the Silent, by Vladimir V. Tchernavin. Boston: Hale, Cushman and Flint. $2.50.

THIS is a book which has been widely read and is much talked about, but there is undoubtedly a lacune in the tale of woe which the author unfolds, and his reader feels there is a great deal missing in it, a great deal that might have been narrated, and that was left out. Thus, in describing the tortures undergone by himself and his companions in misfortune, I would have liked him to speak a little more about their mental attitude in presence of the overwhelming disaster which had overtaken them and, together with them, Russia itself. The story is too dry, perhaps because there are certain trials, such as those the author endured, under which speech becomes impossible.

But apart from this criticism, Professor Tchernavin is certainly an impressive writer. He speaks quite simply, with surprisingly little bitterness, of all the things which have befallen him, and the picture which he draws of the famous Russian prison camps in the vicinity of the Arctic Circle is a perfectly appalling one. It is perhaps the worst indictment that has ever been penned against the Soviet government, and reveals not only its cruelty but its complete stupidity in its treatment of the miserable beings fallen into its power. It proves that the Bolsheviks persecute every man or woman courageous enough to tell the truth, and brave enough to refuse to be associated with their infamy, and also all whose intelligence or knowledge puts them on a footing of disparity with the Soviet rulers. From this point of view Professor Tchernavin's book is highly instructive, showing the Soviet government in all its nakedness and exposing its hideous prison system, beside which that of the czarist régime seems almost a recreation.

The most lasting impression produced by "I Speak for the Silent' is one of profound amazement, not only at the contents as a whole, but at the senseless manner in which all the people whose science, knowledge or achievements ought to have secured for them privileged positions have been, and still are, treated in Soviet Russia. Do the present masters really aim at destroying everything which is intellectual, replacing men of ability with mediocrities, and do they believe this is possible to achieve? So distressing are the contents of Professor Tchernavin's book that one lays it down with a distinct feeling of relief, not to have fallen a victim to the Bolsheviks' monstrous cruelty toward all whom they consider enemies of their rules and principles.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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Briefer Mention

The White-headed Eagle—John McLoughlin, by Richard C. Montgomery. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

FROM 1824 to 1845, John McLoughlin, sometimes called "Father of Oregon," was Chief Factor for the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia River. He is a figure encountered frequently in the memoirs of the fur traders and adventurers of the time; a man grandiose in appearance and speech, eccentric in temperament. Mr. Montgomery, working on this, may believe a little too readily that a big, handsome, white-headed man necessarily has some special greatness of soul or intellect; it is an illusion easier to sustain about the living than the dead. If it is justified in this case, the kind of data needed to support it has not been presented; indeed the scarcity of personal data of any kind is such that Mr. Montgomery has frequently to invent it, with the result that all scenes of an intimate and domestic nature read like an attempt, in biography, at what are called "ideal" portraits, and in this respect the book is well in the tradition of "Charles de Langlade, Bravest of the Brave," and "Eleazer Williams, Lost Dauphin of France," despite the superiority of its phrasing. The best sections are those devoted to the decline and fall of the old Northwest Company, and the consequent expansion of the Hudson's Bay Company under George Simpson. If Mr. Montgomery had set his hero less colossally in the foreground of such events, he would have written a much better book. "The White-headed Eagle" is a Catholic Book Club selection.

Vienna in Seven Days; Brussels in Seven Days; Berlin in Seven Days, by Arthur Milton. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50 *each.*

MR. MILTON has produced chatty little guide books for people in a hurry. It is rather sad to think of anyone's having to travel this way, but if they must, why then Mr. Milton ought to come in handy. He plots a day-by-day itinerary, quite informally. With many verdicts one should like to disagree. There is no sign of an index anywhere, which is a mistake.

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